Toni Wolff.
Courtesy collection of Jane and Joseph Wheelwright.

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PREFACE

This is not the first time the Analytical Psychology Club of San Francisco has given us a publication of reminiscences of people who have experienced Jungian analysis. The first one came soon after C. G. Jung's death in 1961 and naturally contained accounts adhering strictly to memories of Jung himself. The present publication, with Ferne Jensen as its enthusiastic and careful editor, includes memories of those who knew Emma Jung and Jung's chief assistant, Antonia (Toni) Wolff, as well as Jung. I find this a very welcome collection because I think it brings to people who never knew them these three essential founders of Analytical Psychology into focus as human beings rather than as hierarchical figures.

The group of reminiscences here presented come from many different types of people and from different countries and this adds a dimension of which, I think, Jung himself would have strongly approved. At the reception given in Zürich before the first International Congress of Analytical Psychologists in 1959, Jung was seated in a place where old friends and new acquaintances could come to greet him. I heard him say, with a kind of wonder in his voice, "So many languages are being spoken!" Even he could not fully realize how widespread his personal influence was and was destined to become.

—Joseph L. Henderson

GERHARD ADLER

MEMORY OF TONI WOLFF

Dr. Adler wrote "This is the letter I wrote on the occasion of Toni Wolff's death to Pfovver Schair, the clergyman who officiated at the memorial service. He had asked Toni's friends for help with his memorial oration, and he found my letter worthwhile reading at the service. It has been printed but only in a very private memorial booklet."

My strongest impression of Toni Wolff, from beginning to end, was one of infinite goodness and capacity for self-sacrifice. I know very well that for many people this side of her was hidden or only to be discovered in roundabout ways: for this kindness and deep, understanding humanity was accompanied by a harsh outer side. But this harshness was really nothing but the self-protection of an infinitely differentiated and sensitive human being. Never again have I found in anyone this mixture of legitimate pride and deep humility. At the same time this woman could be charming, enchanting, fascinatingly feminine, so that all harshness and superficial toughness would melt away. She did not give herself easily to a human relationship. But once the ice was broken, there was no legitimate demand or request to which she would not respond with total and peerless self-sacrifice. When one addressed oneself to her honestly and without pretense, then there were no limits to her friendship. She held each of her relationships with such loyalty and steadfastness that it is no wonder that hundreds of people all over the world depended on her as a criterion for their own life's course, as a lasting inspiration for the honest solution of their life's problems, and and as a most loyal friend who never let an appeal go unheard.

MARY LOUISE AINSWORTH

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

In memoriam to this great explorer may I share a few remarks of his made to me, one morning by the shore of the Lake of Zürich, as we talked in his summer house, and noted down in my notebook immediately afterward. We spoke of the fish; the two fish, the symbols of the Piscean Age—the opposites that were together. He cautioned me; he said, "The fish—it is helpless too; it is the thing caught." "Christ is the fish; remember, Jesus was both sacrificer and sacrificed. Astrologically the fish is deaf and dumb. We are in the age of Pisces, the fish." Then I asked, "During these years of Pisces, have we really been unable to get in touch with Christ, He who is the Word, because of being under the sign of the fishes?" Dr. Jung answered "It is a question, how far we can push such symbolical statements. I like to push them as far as possible. Christ was also the Lion, a rapacious animal, think of that! And he was the serpent, on the cross. Strictly speaking, he was the successor to the serpent, according to His own words. Christ himself was the bait, the fish on the hook, to pull Leviathan in."

Faust was mentioned, and Dr. Jung said, "Yes, Faust was not meeting his own evil; he meets it only through Mephistopheles, the unconscious side who then murders Philemon and Baucis. So Faust does it really. Faust is a murderer!"

We spoke of the symbolism of the star. "The star," he said, "is primitive man; his head is no more important than the hands or feet, all equal." Earlier, for no reason at all, he had begun speaking of the opposites, the red star and the white star. And then later he remarked, prophesying, "It will take several hundred years for the conjunction of the opposites of the red star and the white."

WILLIAM ALEX

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

The time had come to say goodbye to Dr. Jung and to Zürich. I thought this meeting would probably be my last encounter with him. He was aging and I was preparing to cross an ocean and a continent to contend with an untried and uncertain future as a Jungian analyst. I sat before him in his study, Institute diploma in hand, and expressed to him as well as I could how much these years of analysis and training had meant to me. He listened quietly, nodded his head reflectively and added some words of advice for my future career.

The time ran out and I got up to leave, shook hands and started down the broad stairs of his home leading to the front door as I had done on previous occasions. To my surprise he accompanied me down the stairs. I thought this was a very nice, warm farewell gesture, opened the door and started to walk down the garden path toward the front gate and the street. Jung continued to walk beside me. I didn't quite know what to make of this and slowly walked down the street toward my parked car a short distance away feeling both honored and puzzled. Jung continued to walk beside me silently, pipe in mouth, evidently lost in thought, and I, too, said nothing.

Suddenly he turned to me and asked, "Why don't they understand me?" There was a tone in his voice I had not heard before that was at once plaintive, questioning, and hurt. I intuitively felt I knew what "they" referred to. "They" was the world out there, the world of science, of academic psychology and psychiatry, of organized religions, of prejudices that persist in misunderstanding and misquoting his discoveries and insights into the inner world, the human soul. I sensed in his question something of the loneliness of the explorer, of the quester who dares to look beyond the accepted and the known; who cannot do otherwise.

I answered, "Dr. Jung, you know as well as any man alive why they don't understand you. Is it not because you are probably fifty or a hundred years ahead of your time?" He looked at me for a brief while, nodded quietly, extended his hand for a final handshake, turned and walked back toward his home.

It happened, to my gratification, that this was not the last encounter I had with Jung. I met him again on several other occasions. And we spoke of other things. But still today, more than a quarter of a century later, among the memories and images I have of Jung, I, at times, see him walking quietly with me and hear him ask the same question. I respond in fantasy in a way much the same as I did then. I say, "I don't think the world has yet caught up with you, Dr. Jung, . . . not quite yet."

A. I. ALLENBY

TONI WOLFF

There is only one anecdote about Toni Wolff that I can remember. It does not reveal much about her, but let me tell it for what it is worth. This story went round the students and analysands collected in Zürich at the time; a period in which the practice of "active imagination" was in the forefront of interest. Toni was visited by a friend from Germany, whom she had not seen during the intervening years of World War II. Toni had a dog, given to her by Professor Jung. It was (I thought) an ugly little beast, a bull terrier, given to barking and to interrupting the sessions by wanting to come in, or get out. Toni faithfully took him for walks. The German visitor accompanied them during her stay, and every time the two old friends got into an animated discussion about some profound matter, the dog claimed its right to visit a lamp post. Finally the friend could not hide her impatience any longer, and expressed it in no uncertain terms. Toni replied, rather curtly, "Oh, go home and paint a colored picture of the situation!" I believe she did.

I was just getting ready for another of my yearly visits to Zürich in 1953, when the news of her death reached us. But I went all the same, and through the kindness of Toni's sister, I spent many hours in Toni's hauntingly silent flat to read through several of her seminars, in fulfilment of a promise she had made me.

Initially it was a rather surprising medley of impressions which the varied contacts I had with her created in my mind, but gradually I came to see them as different facets of her many-sided personality. Toni as the homely hostess; Toni as president of the club, aloof and dignified in her role, with an aura of the merchant aristocracy of the old Swiss families about her. Toni as a stalwart friend. There I remember most vividly the occasion when, during one of my Zürich visits, I could not stop talking about the irrational fears I was having about my husband—and in the last night before I arrived back home he died, quite suddenly and unexpectedly. It then was Toni who mobilized the members of the Zürich Jung group to write to me, including Professor Jung, so that I should have the solace of their sympathy. And last but not least, Toni the therapist. This is not easy to describe. Her profound knowledge of the psyche, her wisdom, her down-to-earth practicality, her veiled warmth—they all had their place. But what I valued most was the sense of her deeply human concern about wherever one happened to be, whether assailed by follies, or grief, or wrestling with the problematical world without or within.

Some years after Toni's death, when Jung also was no longer alive, I once complained to Toni's sister how bereft I felt without their presence and support. In typical sturdy Swiss fashion she rebuked me. What, did I think, *they* had done? They also had to battle through their not-knowing; they also had to find their way on the strength of their personal experiences and insights. I left her, sobered, and greatly encouraged.

JAMES C. AYLWARD

MEMORY OF AN IMMORTAL

It is a high summer morning in the early fifties as I walk from the railroad station at Küsnacht toward the green-blue Zürichsee and to the house on the Seestrasse which proclaims over its door: called or not, God will be present.

Coming down through the garden of vegetables and roses I find Carl Jung examining plants. Though dressed in shirt, tie and sports coat, Jung could well be wearing the green work-apron of a Swiss gardener as he pays such careful attention to what grows around him.

I say to myself: This doctor concerns himself with the vegetal soul. There are chickens running loose in the garden. My thought is: The doctor gives freedom of movement to the animal soul. He is absorbed in what he is doing so I continue on to the house and ring the bell. The woman who answers tells me to be seated in the garden under a great shade tree.

In a few moments Jung comes over and joins me. He seems genuinely interested that a Catholic priest is studying at the Institute in Zürich. It has been a year and more since we first met at a Fastnacht party when he invited me to come visit him. He speaks of how important it is to him that churchmen take a serious look at what he has written. He says that he has learned recently that the Pope has been reading Jung.

To the question from Jung, "What's on your mind?" I reply: As a priest my heart is heavy with the question that is on my mind, namely the immortality of the human soul. I wonder whether we are daily involved with coming to terms with mortality or with a preparation for life after death. I tell him that I am not looking for answers from him, but rather I wonder how he, a soul doctor, deals with the Christian doctrine of the undyingness of soul and personal survival beyond death.

Jung talks of the importance of what we do with our lives. To the degree we have responded to the urge to consciousness we can leave a legacy for others. I believe he says: We are immortalized in memory. Oh yes, it is so. The soul has become immortal if we leave something behind for others. Psychology can affirm no other immortality.

I react with: That's a lot less than I came prepared to hear. But it is simple, direct and does not psychologize the act of faith. Belief in personal survival after death remains a matter of belief. Jung seems to have told me that he wants to be well-remembered as one who has struggled to be awake and alert and responsible in this life. For others he will leave the legacy of his struggle in the monument of his writings. His is an acquiesence to the likelihood of immortality in the memory of others.

We are off and running about religious practices and the assurances given by the apostle James in his letter "to the Twelve Tribes dispersed throughout the world" about the way of belief: If any of you falls short in wisdom, he should ask God for it and it will be given him . . . But he must ask in faith without a doubt in his mind; for the doubter is like a heaving sea ruffled by the wind." (James I, 5-6). Jung can quote from this letter on the practice of religion in Greek. When I do not grasp what has been cited, he switches to Latin. He is then considerate enough to further translate into English when he notices that I cannot grab hold of a New Testament passage as quickly as he can throw one. I have the thought: The apostle James is immortal for me through the consciousness of Jung. These hours with him will live as long as my memory endures. The physician is teaching the priest how conversant he should be with the subject matter of his profession.

Jung brings up God as *the* most proper subject of conversation between two human beings. He says that most people don't look on God as worthy of entry into a *salon*. People—even theologians—are embarrassed to talk about God. It is more polite to talk about sex.

But we stay with God and the images in which God is revealed and behind which God hides. I'm very much into Jung and Job and figure that I should ask him to talk about his relationships with his father as an immediate key to *Answer to Job*. But something tells me that I should leave such ghosts as Pastor Jung to the mortality of non-statement, and not get into all this disenchantment with the

curmudgeon who, under the name Jahweh, is jealous of human consciousness and might even want to control the market of consciousness. Jung insists that in all he says and writes he is dealing with the reality of the God-image. God, the ontological being and the object of faith, is not his concern as a physician nor within his competence as an empiricist.

My reaction to all this talk about God is to trust the man Jung quite a lot. So I confide my secret religious practice to him which, until now, I have mentioned only to my confessor Journet of Fribourg. I say: I pray to God as Woman. Much like my confessor Jung cocks his ear and, like Journet, does not seem to find anything wrong or unhealthy about this practice of religion. Again it is a matter of distinguishing between God revealing herself through imagery and God hiding behind the images. The question rises: How far can one penetrate through the personifications of *anima* and find God in the process? The subject seems to be to Jung's liking for his eyes crinkle at the corners and there seems to be a special twinkle in them.

The subject now is Angels. Jung has a lot to say about the experience of angels. Again he distinguishes between the empirical and the ontological in talking of angels as he did when the conversation focussed upon God. Angels, he says, are complexes. They rise out of the unconscious life. They are not persons but may be personifications and be given names as functional complexes. They have a variety of functions and some are higher, that is, come from deeper layers of the psyche. I say: Some angels are more *arch* than others. He continues: Angelos is messenger. The word bespeaks the primary function of an angel, that is, to carry a message. But there are other angelic functions such as revering, adoring, guarding. The messenger-complex wings upward out of the depths of soul and is pointed toward the fore of conscious awareness. The message is *spirit*. Spirit is the content which the angel carries from unconscious source and tries to bring home to us in consciousness. Restating what he has already written in *The Phenomenology of Spirit in Fairy Tales* Jung asks the question: What is spirit?; and replies to it: Spirit is meaning. When we have meaning we are lifted up. Such spirit enhances consciousness.

Jung begins to summarize the morning's conversation: Now these are fitting subjects for physician and priest to talk about, namely, God, soul, angels and spirit. However, he says, if my medical colleagues were to hear us they would likely say that Jung is crazy to talk of such things. Likewise, if your fellow professionals in religion were to hear us they might call Jung a heretic.

Our conversation is interrupted by the appearance of a woman in the garden. She calls out: Dr. Jung! Dr. Jung! My host sighs as he rises from his chair and goes toward her. I hear the woman say that she cannot leave Switzerland and return to America without seeing him. Jung talks with her about five minutes and when he returns to his chair says: You Americans of any age are so young in spirit. Maybe you are a little more unconscious than we Europeans. You cut through a lot of formalities and red-tape. I think how unforgettable Jung has made the day for this woman. His kindness and care for her is a little bit of his immortality.

Although this was not my last visit with Jung it was the happiest one for he seemed so full of the stuff of life and so merry and serious by turns. On the return trip to Zürich I began to reflect on the two hour visit in the garden on the Seestrasse: To be well-remembered, he surely will be. To prepare such a monumental legacy of word and work as he is doing is the earth-side of the man's immortality.

LILLIAN BLUMENFELD

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

In 1919 I attended an International Educational Conference in Heidelberg. Jung was one of the speakers. He warned "teachers and parents *not* to kill that in the child that is *true* to him." It became my goal.

In 1937 I used my afternoons to test toys with children, reports sent to the leading toy manufacturer. I wrote to Dr. Jung, asked him why the ball was eternal and universal. He replied, "If we knew that we would know all there is to know."

BESS BOLTON

MEMORY OF TONI WOLFF

In 1951 I went to Zürich to study at the C. G. Jung Institute. It was in one of the lectures that I heard about using active imagination, as well as one's dreams, to get in touch with the unconscious. With Miss Wolff's support and encouragement I was able to seek guidance from this introverted activity.

It was in following this activity that I first met the tortoise. Ever since he has served as a meaningful reminder of that significant experience.

These excerpts are statements of Dr. Jung's from a seminar, "Dream Analysis."

"There is a high mythical symbolism connected with the tortoise . . . a tortoise is a most fundamental being—the basic instinct that carries our whole psychological world, because the world is our psychology, our view. . . .

"The characteristics of the tortoise are the characteristics of the transcendent function, the one that unites the pairs of opposites. . . .

"It is the reconciliation of the pair of opposites. From this reconciliation, there is always a new thing created, a new thing realized. That is the transcendent function, and that is the tortoise. And the new thing is always strange to the old thing. . . . So the result of the transcendent function is as strange to us as the turtle is."

When I stopped dreaming of the tortoise I felt bereft.

How fortunate I was to have worked with Toni Wolff. She was dignified and quiet. My original image of her was a rather tall, very serious, erect, straight-backed woman—the way she always sat in her chair. Later I saw her as a comforting, warm, gentle, relating person.

The maid would bring a cup of tea—just one, for Miss Wolff—but never two. *I* was wilting, but there was no tea for me.

ROLAND CAHEN

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

In this interview Dr. Cahen recounts how he first met Jung at the age of twenty-two, through a series of lucky circumstances.

"I arrived at Zürich at one o'clock," he tells in the interview, "and there was a course by Jung at the Polytechnic Institute at five o'clock. I had intended to take the night train to Paris, but this course excited me so much that I decided to pitch my tent in Zürich, and I stayed one month. At the end of this month I went to see Jung at the end of one of his lectures and said: 'Monsieur, we have nothing like this in France. One should translate your stuff.' Jung then was already a world authority, but at the same time he was very open-minded. He told me: 'Carte blanche, young man!'" Thus, Dr. Cahen says, the whole adventure began. He proceeded to read Jung's work and after 6,000 pages chose to translate *Modern Man in Search of his Soul*, of which more than 100,000 copies have been printed since.

Dr. Cahen's short stay in Zürich resulted in a change of orientation. He gave up philology and, in spite of many obstacles, took up medicine in preparation for his life's work as an analyst. He was determined to make Jung's work known to French readers and has been instrumental in the publication of twenty-two of Jung's works.

Asked whether he was analyzed by Jung, Dr. Cahen replied as follows:

"I started on my analysis in Zürich without financial means. I want to stress this, because the relation of analysis to money is so often caricatured. My analyst was C. A. Meier, who later occupied Jung's chair at the Polytechnic Institute. To be sure, not all doctors have at all times his competence, his broadmindedness, and his generosity. Then later, I analyzed with Jung himself in order to learn to know his own personal way, which was beyond compare, and then with Mrs. Jung, his wife, in order to make part of the analytical journey with an analyst of the opposite sex."

Asked by the interviewer what Jung was like, Dr. Cahen answered: "Like a great gentleman. That's the fundamental impression that he always left with me. He knew how to make himself accessible to everyone, to speak their language, to enter into their preoccupations. A great gentleman, in whom intelligence vied with his (physical) presence, his kindness, his sensitivity, with his manner, of necessity less logical than psychological, that is to say inclusive of the opposites."

The interviewer asked how Jung reacted to the popularization of analytical ideas. Did he talk about that? Dr. Cahen: "Jung was entirely aware of the vital importance of the psychological revolution, that is to say of the Copernican upheaval as a result of which man's consciousness is no longer the center of his mental universe. Do you remember the anecdote about Freud and Jung and also Ferenczi, where they disembark in the U.S. and one says to the other: 'They don't know that we are bringing them the plague.' I remember telling Jung one day that, if things continued thus, one must foresee a psychological service whose density would equal that of the services of religious institutions in the past. The only reply Jung gave me was to raise his arms to heaven." Dr. Cahen added that he thought we had arrived at this point today.

The interviewer asked whether Jung was a man close to life. Dr. Cahen: "He chopped his own wood in his country house on the shore of the high Lake of Zürich. He considered manual labor a necessary part of life and also of mental hygiene. He had neither electricity nor running water at his country house in Bollingen. He also was a great traveler and a bon vivant. You always had the impression that he was entirely at your disposal and that the only case in the world that interested him was yours. He had the wisdom to limit his activities. When I knew him he had reached sixty; a little after that he saw no more than two or three patients per day."

Interviewer: "Jung expressed himself a lot, I believe, in the course of a session?"

Dr. Cahen: "Freud also expressed himself and much more than is currently thought. The totally silent psychoanalysts do not correspond at all to what Freud himself did. Jung expressed himself, and towards the end of his life, when I knew him, he expressed himself more, no doubt, than in his fifties. He thought it his task to express

himself, inasmuch as, beyond the association method of Freud, he proposed the method of amplification: if a subject has no associations in connection with his dream it is, no doubt, often due to resistances, but it is also often due to the fact that it concerns a content that is emerging for the first time into the field of consciousness and which therefore has no connection yet with the rest of the psychological edifice. It is like a foreign body which emerges and makes a breakthrough. . . . But the amplification method must intervene only when one has exhausted stubbornly all appeals to personal history and to the associations of the patient. It is here that Jung brings a new insight: not everything in the psychic material of the patient refers to his personal history."

The interviewer asked Dr. Cahen how Jung spoke of Freud in 1938–39, twenty-five years after their break.

Dr. Cahen: "I don't remember a single visit with Jung where he did not speak to me of Freud. I think that neither of the two great men ever healed of the grave wound of their rupture. Jung spoke of Freud always with much esteem and admiration."

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GUSTAV DREIFUSS

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

After about three years of analysis with Dr. Liliane Frey-Rohn, I dreamt an archetypal dream of such a content that Dr. Frey found it to be a dream for the boss! I was very excited about this suggestion and immediately wrote Jung. And then, at the beginning of March, 1951, I received a letter saying that Jung was prepared to receive me. I was very excited, and the hour I had turned out to be very interesting, stimulating. It was incredible how much knowledge, amplifications to my dream I received in one hour. Although I had been scared to a certain extent to meet the big man, I felt at ease when

talking and listening to him. At the door he said to me: Well, these were two really juicy dreams.

Another encounter: Attending a lecture, my wife and I happened to sit not far away from the Jungs. When it was about time to leave, Jung suddenly turned to his wife and said in a genuine Swiss way: "So, Emma, chum jetzt!" (So, Emma, let's go!) These words my wife and I still "hear" today!

Around 1955 the diplom-candidates of the Jung Institute had the opportunity to meet Jung in his home and ask questions. I vividly remember Jung's answer with regard to the meaning of consciousness. Then he added: But a still bigger problem is unconsciousness. How can man time and again become unconscious in order to unite with the depth of his soul and drink from the deepest wells? (At least, that's how I remember it.)

WERNER H. ENGEL

MEMORY OF EMMA JUNG

To Emma Jung I owe an utterly powerful experience.

It was about a year before her death. There had been various questions on her mind referring to her wide interests, and the topics did not exclude personal matters. In a series of meetings that we shared, problems came up about the suitability, potentials and methods of analytical training, also disappointments. She also asked questions about models of American reclining chairs, apparently stimulated by her desire to sit and rest more comfortably—maybe related to an early discomfort that may have foreshadowed her tragic end.

Our last meeting was the most personal. At a certain point Emma Jung stood up, walked around her long table, and stretched out her hand. I, standing, took her guiding hand, and she led me all the way to Jung's room. She opened the door, said my name, and when Dr. Jung gestured to me to be seated, she had left.

Dr. Jung started speaking, not so much to me as to himself or to what was around us. From my side, I was being a silent witness to a

highly moving and revealing glance into his very personal past and the expressions of an unfathomable depth from which his incomparable strength has brought up the indescribable value of darkness to the simply inconceivable extent of consciousness.

My words cannot and would not describe what happened there. Twenty years of following that man's guidance had found their most meaningful confirmation.

I could not see Emma Jung again but her outstretched hand has never changed in its grace for me. Her hand also provided me with a glimpse of knowing the depth of the relationship between these extraordinary persons, each in their own way being like a rock of inner stability, knowing well the lapping of the waves all around, but having reached a dimension that was to be lived in creative aloneness and togetherness alike.

As I experienced it, Emma Jung had brought about a form of relatedness on that level where synchronicity leads to a kind of interpersonal union where both partners together become carriers of creative acts when the specific moment has been recognized.

It was Emma Jung's outstretched hand that had functioned as the catalyst. Its symbolic meaning for me has not died with her.

HENRY K. FIERZ

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

The first time I met C. G. Jung was in 1928. After the first world war there was in Europe a very dangerous epidemic of flu. My mother got the disease and nearly died of it. Afterwards she again and again had relapses till my parents decided to consult Dr. Jung. Jung taught her how to cope with the disease, and to use cures in alpine health resorts to continue her historical studies she had interrupted when she married in 1911. He got her out of the disease in the course of three years, and she never had a relapse again. Through this treatment both my parents, also my father (who was professor of chemistry at the Swiss Institute for Technology, Zürich, the E.T.H.), be-

came friends of Jung, and in 1928 Jung and Mrs. Jung were invited for a dinner at our home in Zürich. At the last moment one of the guests could not come, and I was asked to join the dinner as a proxy. During the dinner Jung told the following story:

"Some days ago something queer happened to me. I dreamt that I went from my country house at Bollingen (the "tower") to Bollingen village, and on the little street that leads to my house—I was in fact in Bollingen—I saw a little garden shovel. Now the following morning I in fact went to Bollingen village; and at the same spot, as seen in my dream, I really found a little garden-shovel. And I wonder again and again what the meaning of this dream could be." Now I, a youngster who in fact had no right to say anything, asked Jung: "Dr. Jung, do you think that every dream has a meaning?" Jung: "But of course every dream has a meaning." But I: "But that's only your statement, but not a proof." Jung nearly got angry, and my parents gave me sign not to continue the discussion. So till today I've never got the proof that every dream has a meaning. Perhaps the dream was prophetic (it had anyhow been telepathic). Thirty years later one could often meet Jung, sitting before his tower, pondering about I do not know what, and playing with a little watercourse, using a little garden shovel fixed to a broomstick. The also very old man, Mr. Kuhn, who looked after the tower and brought bread, meat, butter and milk, once said to me: "If one sees the professor, sitting and playing like this, if one would not know that this is a world-famous scientist, one would think that this is a very queer man who behaves in a rather odd way."

One year later I was in hospital because of an operation for a hernia. There I made a drawing with a central symbol of a star above a half-moon on black background. My mother, who visited me, asked me, if she could have the drawing for a few days because she thought it to be interesting; I soon got it back. Thirty years later I saw that she had shown the drawing to Jung, who gave a lecture on "half-moon and star." What Jung could not know, and I think my mother had not seen, was that the half-moon and the star are the crest of the Fierz family, but here turned upside down and on black instead of on a red background. In 1929 I also had not seen this; it came spontaneously "out of the unconscious." But in 1959 I saw that in 1929 I must have

been strongly, but unconsciously constellated by my ancestors, and by my present Fierz family. My own analysis of the drawing showed to me that other parts of the drawing, which seemed to be purely ornamental, had all a specific meaning (drawn quite consciously) and as a whole represented a strong tendency in my person to work in communities, as, for instance, professional societies as secretary or president. For me as an introvert, these jobs have been rather a hobby, as for other people to play bridge. My most interesting job was here to be secretary general of a Swiss member-society of the International Federation for Medical Psychotherapy. C. G. Jung was president of this Swiss Society. This meant, for thirteen years, an "extravert" collaboration with Jung, with many professional and political problems, (even analysts have political problems, more than one would imagine!). So we see: Even a master can't always give a complete interpretation of a drawing without the context of the designer.

At the same time, or soon afterwards, Jung met my father at a party. He said to him that his practice at present was a stress for him and that he felt tired. My father told him that he planned tomorrow to go on a trip to Egypt and Palestine, and said: "Why don't you come with me. I'll start tomorrow at 11 a.m. at Zürich Railway Station, and in train and boat (the steamer *General Steuben*"). I'll travel first class, and this means that in the compartment there is always a second bed not used." Jung answered that this seemed to him to be quite an impossible proposal, "I can't leave my practice, my patients from one hour to the other." But the next day at 11 a.m. Jung was at the station and said to my father: "I've realized that somebody who is tired and needs a rest, and nevertheless continues to work, is a fool. I'll come with you." First they went by train and boat to Alexandria. When they left the boat a chiromancer came to them, offering to read their hands. First he read the hand of my father and stated: "You are well off, but people think that you are much richer than you are in fact. That's always good." Then he read Jung's hand and said quietly: "Oh, you are one of the very few great men I have seen. I can't say more." And he added: "For great men and their friends there is no fee," but he got something of course. On the way back from Palestine Jung sold a western part of the beautiful peninsula at

Bollingen to my father, to build a house there. He said openly: "It's friendship, but not this alone. I have realized that one family alone is not strong enough to defend this beautiful part of the border of the lake against the growing pressure of village and state to have the lake free for the public, and to build a path along the lake, just before my tower. And if so, I think the second family should be that of a friend." Jung and my father were dead some time when village and state came in with a strong intention to build the path Jung had feared. But Jung's family and my family together were strong enough to persuade the authorities to have a road at a good distance behind the two houses. But on the boat my father managed also to convince Jung that he should return to his academic activity and to become a professor at the E.T.H., section for humanities. So Jung did read there for many years on "General Psychology." For my person the trip has been very helpful indeed. For thirty years I had the pleasure and the honor to be—with my family—a neighbor of Jung's at Bollingen, and in my medical studies I had (the section for humanities of the E.T.H. is open to all students of Zürich University) the best professor for psychology and psychotherapy one could imagine.

But after passing the Matura-Exam (access to university) I first did not plan to study medicine. I began to study architecture at the Stuttgart Institute for Technology. My main professor was Prof. Fiechter (a cousin of Jung; he built the beautiful home of Jung at Küsnacht). But I did not get the right contact with the field, and I was quite unable to produce correct ground plans. So I went to Feichter and told him that I had to quit architecture. Fiechter: "Finally a man who has sense. We have 150 students in my department, and no work for them, after the studies." (It was the time of the economic crisis which later gave Mr. Hitler his great chance.) "And I'm also glad, for a relative of mine asks for a working place, and now I can tell him to come." The relative was C. G. Jung's son Franz who just had decided to abandon medicine and turn to architecture! I returned to Zürich and tried it with law, but also there I was not satisfied. Then, in summer 1932, I had a dream which impressed me enormously. Therefore I decided to consult a psychiatrist. I went to an excellent psychiatrist and philosopher whom I had known for

some years. I told him my problem and the dream. He said: "Who do you think is the best expert in dreams in the region?"

I answered that there was no doubt that this was Dr. Jung, but that I would not dare, as a young student, to consult such a famous capacity. Now my psychiatrist said: "First you are wrong, because if a young man, or woman, has a problem and does not go to see for advice the best man he knows, he makes a great mistake. And second: In fact you did not consult Jung because he is a capacity, but because your mother was with him in analysis. Don't care what your mother did or does, do just what's right for you."

So I asked C. G. Jung for a consultation and immediately got an appointment. I discussed my situation and the dream with Jung at length. The result was that I should go into the field of psychotherapy, and Jung said that therefore I should study medicine, then become a specialist in psychiatry, and during these studies get more and more acquainted with psychology and analysis. I said that this seemed to be an enormously long way, and asked if there could not be a more direct access to psychology and analysis. Jung smiled and gave me the following sentence: "Mr. Fierz, you are still a young man. Please, learn first the ABC. Later you still can become a Jesus Christ."

So I went to study medicine and psychiatry. I must say, Jung's advice was for me the right one.

Studying medicine, I was forced to work on my inferior sensation function. And later I saw that I had a great interest in Jung's early papers and books on the psychology of psychoses, and that there was still quite a lot to do to continue Jung's clinical work. So I have always worked part-time in a psychiatric hospital, where my position after all was much better as an M.D. than as a psychologist. I do not think that every Jungian analyst should be an M.D., but I think that the Jungians need some members who are M.D.'s to further the contact with general psychiatry and general medicine. So those who are apt for it should go the way of medical studies. Today I think that I know the ABC more or less. But I must state, I prefer not to be a Jesus Christ!

A funny incident: More or less at the time I consulted Jung, my parents asked me to draw a correct plan of some parts of the house they had built in Bollingen, because they wanted to change some-

thing. This time, after having left architecture, to draw the plan was not difficult at all for me, and even some tricky details, which had driven me half-crazy at Stuttgart, were no problem at all.

In the thirties, in analysis with Jung, after the discussion of a dream we arrived at a point where a personal problem of mine was constellated, a problem I did not like to speak about. So I rather reluctantly began: "Yes, I must say, I . . . ," and I stopped for a moment. Jung: "Oh, you never must. Don't overlook it, and do not fear it. Now, have you another dream?" (I had). Jung's tact and delicacy in analysis were admirable. When he felt that a problem was a central and personal problem where nobody had the right to intrude, it was for him like thievery to insist; there are questions which are our personal property and where everybody must find in his individual way his own answer. A compulsion for confession Jung did not know—he was anyhow for freedom, and not for compulsion.

In the meetings of the Zürich Psychology Club Jung was, of course, the center of the discussion that followed a lecture. He was always inspired and inspiring, could become emotional, and once after a lecture he nearly got angry and said: "How can you offer us these things as new findings? That's something I have already said a hundred years ago . . . !" After a short pause the first to laugh was Jung.

Soon after the second war I met Jung before his tower at Bollingen. He came slowly down a little path to the lake, looked at me and said quite seriously: "Just now I am a rhinoceros." At this time we knew each other well enough, so that he knew that I did understand him. I knew how he had been impressed by the way the rhinoceros went its path straight on, not bothering what was at right or at left; it was one of his stories after he had been for research and experience in Africa. At the time I met him the discussion was vivid as to whether Jung was right or wrong during the Nazi times, when he founded (1933/34), together with other non-German analysts, and of course two Germans too, an International Federation for Medical Psychotherapy, to give our German friends some support against the Nazi pressure. Jung was the first president of the federation, and it is obvious that he could not help our German colleagues if he started to criticize

or to insult the new German government. He had to behave, and to express himself, rather carefully. Therefore some people thought him to be pro-Nazi. Jung's "rhinoceros" stated: "I do not care what's at left or at right, I went, and I go my way, and I know the way is the right way." (In his lectures at Zürich, there was rarely one without a biting remark about the Nazis!)

In the fifties I was charged to publish a book of a scientist who had died just recently. But the editors also wanted C. G. Jung's opinion. I had an appointment with Jung at 5:00 p.m. Jung had read the book and he thought that it should not be published, but I disagreed and was for publication. Our discussion finally got rather sharp, and Jung looked at his wristwatch, obviously thinking that he had spent enough time on the matter and that he could send me home. Looking at his watch he said: "When did you come?" I: "At five, as agreed." Jung: "But that's queer. My watch came back from the watchmaker this morning after a complete revision, and now I have 5:05. But you must have been here much longer. What time do you have?" I: "It's 5:35." Whereon Jung said: "So you have the right time, and I the wrong one. Let us discuss the thing again." This time I could convince Jung that the book should be published. It is now out of print, having made a profit for the heirs of the author, and for the editors; a new edition is planned.

We see: Jung's contact with the unconscious was so developed that if needed, it came in with synchronicities, and to synchronicities Jung of course did listen.

In summer 1955 I visited Jung at Bollingen. He felt tired, mentioned a senile difficulty in finding words or terms (which was obvious), and said that he especially suffered from a continuous, quick movement of thoughts he could not stop. "It's not nice to be so old," he finished, and added that he did not know if he would be able to decide (a careful expression!) to come in ten days to the great reception the Zürich Psychology Club had organized at the Dolder-Grand, Zürich, for his eightieth birthday. We went to the reception and got information that C. G. Jung would come. There I saw what for him "to be able to decide to come" meant. In came a man with no senility at all, in the best of his moods, fluent in Swiss, German,

French and English, shaking hands with his friends, laughing at jokes, making jokes. And when Cornelia Brunner, the president of the club, after having greeted Jung said: "Dear friends, in regard to the presence of the Master, may I ask you not to smoke," Jung got up and quietly went to the door. Cornelia looked at him in great astonishment, and Jung, smiling, turned to her: "Cornelia, I go for a moment outside to smoke a pipe."

In spring 1961 I went to see Jung at Bollingen, for there was in summer at Vienna a Congress of the International Federation for Medical Psychotherapy. After I explained my thoughts on the lecture I had to give there on Jungian therapy of psychoses to Jung, he said: "All right, that's quite all right. But at the end of the lecture you must insist and explain very clearly, that if we want to help people, psychotic or not psychotic, we first need a vast knowledge of human culture, of natural science, of philosophy, also of industry and the organization of modern world. Human nature is complicated, and new again in every case or group. Therefore we must learn, continue to learn and never cease to learn. And you must state that we must know facts, not theories." During our discussion Jung was careful and clear. He always took his duties as a president of the Swiss Society very seriously.

Soon afterwards Jung died. My lecture at Vienna was a C. G. Jung memorial lecture.

Finally I may mention one characteristic side of Jung. When you met him, he was by no means "great," he had a simple and very normal way of behaving. The only remarkable thing was, that after a few minutes he was near to you like a brother, like an old friend. This was beautiful, but also not without danger. A man of his reputation could constellate a father projection. But Jung was not apt to be a father figure. With men, a father transference could produce severe conflicts, and could even be destructive. With women, the father transference could turn the image of Jung too easily into an image of Jesus Christ! And the result of this could be, when Jung once did not behave like a god, but as a human being with the weak sides we all have, a dangerous shock, a shock of disappointment.

For Jung was a genius, but no father, no god, he was normal and human. The well-known Swiss psychiatrist Wyrsch wrote about Jung in a paper "Swiss Psychiatry": Although world-famous, although the only Swiss psychiatrist whose collected works have been published, Jung was, when he came to our meetings—and in earlier years he often came—just like everybody else.

MARGARET GILDEA

JUNG: AS SEEN BY AN EDITOR, A STUDENT AND A DISCIPLE

My real contact with Carl Jung was limited to the year 1931, all of which I spent in Zürich, working with him and his group. I was in my mid-twenties, and he was in his mid-fifties. Although the great American depression had started, it was not apparent to me. The economic depression in central Europe, and the antecedents of Nazism were everywhere visible outside of Switzerland. (I saw bands of young people wandering the countryside in Austria and Bavaria, but they were not allowed in Switzerland; they were stopped at the border.) It seemed that nothing troubled Switzerland. Like Shangri-La, or the Magic Mountain, it was high up and mysterious and somehow magical or mystical, otherworldly, untroubled.

A month after I was settled in Zürich Irmarita Putnam was settled in the Berggasse paying Freud twenty-five dollars an hour. We all paid Jung ten dollars an hour, which we took to be a sign of clear-cut spiritual superiority!

The chief instructional method Jung used at that time was the seminar. These occurred Wednesday mornings from 10:00 o'clock on, until Jung tired of talking. There was a break at 11:00 for second breakfast, tea, canapes, and talk. Then he resumed with renewed enthusiasm.

The material under discussion that year was the journal of an American woman who had been in Zürich the year before. She was

well educated and intellectual. She had recorded a long series of dreams, hypnogogic fantasies and images. Her material was a lively example of "active imagination," illustrated with pen and pencil, water colors, and crayon. Jung himself often drew symbols and diagrams on the board.

His method was to use each theme, sequence or symbol, as a springboard from which to launch into an exposition of his theories, speculations and vast erudition. He ranged not only throughout the global field of psychiatry, but also over present-day social and political subjects, as well as historical and mythological material. He covered philosophy, psychology, medicine, economics, and folklore. He reported his experiences at home and abroad, his prejudices and opinions on many diverse subjects. He had opinions about practically everything, and dwelled especially on the personality structure of Americans, Orientals, Teutons, Jews, Blacks—Goethe, Nietzsche, and especially Heraclitus. Much of his Weltanschauung seems dated when I read it today, but his philosophy, with its roots in myth and history, is timeless.

This method of instruction he later came to call "amplification." It is central to the technique of Jungian therapy today, as it was then. One purpose of this method is to offer the patient a way to stand back a little from his problems and see them as a little less personal, as though projected onto a screen, more universal and more human. Ideas about the stream and continuity and universality of human life flowed through all of his teaching.

Jung's ideas on psychological types were much discussed. I believe the typology is less used now than it was then. Harry Murray, who knew Jung, said that Jung himself agreed that it was not everywhere applicable. However, in *Psychological Types* he held that the major attitudes, introversion and extraversion were basic and fixed in an individual's character. He considered himself to be an introvert, but in 1931 he was certainly in an extraverted period. He was enormously interested in travel, and in people. And he successfully charmed most. He was very aware of the feelings and attitudes of the people with whom he was talking, and was always willing to discuss flaws in his theories and possible alternative explanations. He was particularly adept at presenting his ideas in such a way that they would not be rejected out-of-hand by people representing other disciplines. I

heard him present basic theory about the collective unconscious in two different ways to two different groups. The first was that this area of the unconscious represented an anatomical construct which produced images and symbols as the thyroid produces thyroxin or the kidneys, urine. This directly explains the universal nature of symbolism. The other explanation postulates that there is indeed a vast area . . . "out there" . . . and that these symbols exist somehow outside the individual, like God, and happen to him. In either case one goal of individuation and psychotherapy is to help the patient become aware of the important elements in his psyche that communicate with the rest of mankind. These two views of collective or universal symbol-making are not mutually exclusive, but the difference in their outlook demonstrates Jung's empathy with his audience, and his ability to present his ideas in acceptable ways.

I wish I could convey the feeling of warmth and the glowing center that he created. After the seminars we frequently went to lunch together, and the gaiety and conversation continued until the next appointment. Marie-Louise von Franz used the following words in describing him: "buoyant, joy in life" . . . "festive atmosphere he created around him." "Enormous vitality . . . and an unusually large capacity for love."* He loved jokes of all kinds. He prided himself on his use of American slang and idiom, and loved to trace the philology of Americanisms.

People have asked me repeatedly about Jung's religious beliefs. Like most humans I think his beliefs changed over the course of his long life. The last scholar I talked with who had seen him, after his eightieth birthday, was Karl Kerenyi, the anthropologist. He said that like all old professors Jung and he talked about their colleagues, and as to religion, Kerenyi said that he believed Jung thought of himself as a "kind of Pope . . . of the Gnostics."

For me one of the most illuminating ideas was the concept of projection, which Jung made vivid, in part by acting it out. I remember particularly his description of the man who had a split in his personality, or a latent psychosis. This man is vaguely aware that something is wrong: "There's something like schizophrenia around here—I feel it—I smell it. Aha, *he*'s got it, not me." What a relief!

He emphasized particularly the role of opposition in the psyche, that an attitude held in the conscious mind exists in its opposite in

the unconscious, that these opposites are in a state of dynamic tension, and that there is a rhythm, or cyclic swing between them. He frequently referred to Heraclitus, and the law of enantiodromia: that everything on reaching its peak or culmination turns into its opposite. "One must observe the eternal up and down movement of the wave of the unconscious. It raises the spring from the depths in winter, and then it buries the whole creation again."

So he talked not only about the opposition, but about the role of the transcendent function, in reconciling the opposites, in successful psychotherapy. If one attitude is held too vigorously in the conscious mind, its opposite exists with equal vigor in the unconscious. Thus he would look piercingly at us and say: "You American women wear too fancy hats. That is because you are afraid there is nothing inside your heads. You should go and buy a plain hat on the Bahnhof Strasse; and show some respect for what is *inside* your heads."

He would lean across the podium and scold us (for our own good). "You American women do all your thinking right here (pinching the bridge of his nose). You must learn to think with your bellies."

"You think love is an emotion, and if for a minute you don't feel it you think the world is coming to an end. Love is not an emotion. It is an attitude toward!"

"You Americans hardly ever notice that wine has individuality. Wine is just Hock or Claret or Champagne, and nothing more. This is a barbarous attitude. Wine has soul. It is something living. It is spiritual."

Professor Harry Murray told me that he and Stanley Cobb were in Zürich together once, and asked Jung to dinner. They both told him about their problems with stammering. He listened sympathetically, and said: "Don't give it up! It's your major sexual asset! You know women find it most attractive."

He talked a lot about the problems of transference and countertransference. He was not especially interested in analyzing the transference, unless it was distorted by inflation, or otherwise blocking the way. He felt transference did no harm, and in fact could be used as a bridge to other relations. But beware of countertransference. Dr. Renee Nell told me that he said, "Beware of being too pleased with your patient. When you find yourself congratulating yourself on what a fine job you have done, and how well your patient is doing,

and you are looking forward to the next hour . . . that is just the moment when you will get a tremendous kick from behind . . . right in the countertransference!"

In the fantasies he had just read about the woman's being caught in a cave, in the dark, alone and frightened. "She has to remain down there in the dark until she can stand it, then it will be overcome, and will turn into its opposite, Light." For instance, "St. Paul had the Christian revelation at the time of his greatest sin. When he was apparently the farthest away from Christ. . . . He was on his worst errand, on the road to Damascus. . . . Just there he had the vision of Christ. That would be absolutely incomprehensible if we did not know that the Yea is quite close to the Nay."

And finally: "What is the nature of man? According to some he is all wrong, sinful, little better than an earthworm. But this is absolutely wrong. Who has created the religions of the world? Man. If left to himself he can naturally bring about his own salvation. Who has produced Christ? Who has produced Buddha? All that is the natural growth of man. Man has always produced symbols that redeemed him, so if we follow the laws that are in our own natures they quite naturally will lead us to the right end."

*M.-L. von Franz, "C. G. Jung, His Myth in our Time." Jung Foundation, N.Y.C. 1975, p. 19.

JUTTA VON GRAEVENITZ

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

It may have been in the year 1932 when, arriving at the Stuttgart railroad station, my husband and I noticed near the train a merry and lively group of people. They obviously had come to meet a tall, strong, middle-aged man, well dressed and impressive. I recognized one of the people in the group, a Dr. Stockmeyer, whom I knew to be friendly with C. G. Jung; I therefore guessed that it was C. G. Jung who was being welcomed here. I had read all of Jung's writings

then in existence, and I took a good look at him. "He looks like a corporation president," my husband said. So that was Jung.

I had given up my profession as a doctor after my marriage to the sculptor and painter Fritz von Graevenitz. I preferred caring for my husband and children to working in medicine. Secretly, however, I longed for an analysis as a chance of finding my own inner way.

This wish seemed beyond fulfillment. In those days, people in general knew nothing of analysis. Freud was in bad repute—in the still quite Victorian (bourgeois) world he was considered offensive. In the next few years an early depression became apparent in our little daughter. In 1936 I went with the child to Julie Aichele, who was the first Jungian-trained child therapist in Germany. I was counseled to start analysis myself. In this way the wished for analysis became feasible.

Early in 1937 my husband and I participated in a conference of a group which had developed out of the Christian youth movement. C. G. Jung and the Lutheran bishop Staehlin, well known in Germany, spoke on the relation between depth psychology and Christian religion. I thought Jung far superior to the forceful and lively bishop. It turned out that this conference at Koenigsfeld in the Black Forest was Jung's last sojourn in Nazi Germany. At that conference, under the impression of Jung's personality, the decision was made that I would myself become an analyst. I saw in this a chance for satisfying and fascinating work.

In those days it was by no means a matter of course for a wife and mother of four children to take up her own profession, but circumstances in Germany at that time and my husband's increasing eye trouble brought it about that the difficulties which had seemed insurmountable could be resolved. In the following year Julie Aichele took me with her to Zürich. I met Emma Jung and was received with much warmth. This was the time when the peril and infamy of Hitler's policies were gradually being recognized. So I, as a German, did not feel at ease in the Psychological Club of the Züricher Gemeindestrasse. So much the more comforting was the atmosphere of the House at Küsnacht.

In 1938 my husband's eye affliction, a consequence of a wound suffered in the first world war, necessitated a prolonged stay at a Swiss eye clinic. I knew that our four children were in good hands; I

wanted to use this time to complete psychotherapeutic training in Zürich. That Jung himself accepted me for analysis was a ray of light in those hard times. As I again stood in front of the house in Küsnacht I was seized by an almost insuperable dread: as a German, because of National Socialism, I felt almost like an outcast from human society. Above the door were the solemn words: "Vocatus atque non vocatus Deus aderit." But what was in store for me in this analysis? When I sat face to face with Jung, I knew right away that I was not only admitted, but accepted to such a degree as I had never been accepted before.

During these months I saw Jung at his office in Küsnacht, in the Züricher Gemeindestrasse—the later Institute—and at his lectures at E.T.H. The subjects of the lectures and seminars were children's dreams, Zarathustra, and a review of the "Dream of Polifilo." Although every word was then important to me, I no longer remember much of what I heard; it has long since entered into my way of thinking and working and into my own life. But the figure of Jung himself stands clearly before me: each word and gesture full of intensity, in living contact with his audience, asking for the participation of each, often not altogether without the unspoken question: "May I say this?" He was totally involved in each instant. Ideas came like a swarm of fast flying birds; yet in all richness and brilliance they always circled around the subject. His ideas brought what he meant to the hearer's understanding with an often enlightened completeness. While speaking, Jung constantly took off his glasses and then put them on again; he sought eye contact with his audience and found it indispensable. I had heard many good and famous speakers, but there, I felt, was something unique.

In the fall of 1939 the war started, and with that it became impossible for Germans to travel abroad. For me this was a grave interference with the begun analysis and seemed at first hardly bearable. But now I know that the separation from Jung brought about more independence than I could have achieved in steady contact with him. I didn't want to belong to the band of women disciples that surrounded him; but the attraction of his personality would probably have been overpowering also for me. Today I think I can sense that also for him, in his great inner loneliness, the unconditional support of this band was almost a necessity.

After the war the world reopened itself only very slowly to the Germans. In the year 1950 and the years after that I was invited by the Geneva branch of the World Council of Churches for several consultations about marriage problems, and that is how is was possible for me to be again in Küsnacht. It was like a homecoming to walk through the door of the Küsnacht house, warmly received by Mrs. Jung. She had helped us mightily with packages during the years of want. During one of my visits—Jung himself was not in Küsnacht—a swarm of grandchildren roared around the usually so quiet house. When I asked how many there were now, Mrs. Jung looked a bit embarrassed. "Nineteen!" she said.

What I now received from C. G. Jung, in this new phase of my life, was actually no longer analysis; it was the help of one who through his own unique experience had become a wise man. He always took my dreams very seriously. Perhaps he found through them something like a confirmation of his own way, as he surely did from the unconscious of others who have confided in him and to whom he opened whatever their own way was. Twelve years before, his support had made it possible for me to feel more secure within myself, in my marriage and toward my children and patients. Now I received decisive help in the search for my own path in relation to religious tradition. I am deeply grateful to him that, much as he needed concurrence, he was nonetheless able to refrain from drawing me into the way of searching for God's image that was valid for him, and that instead he gave me the freedom to seek my own path and to find it.

These events happened almost thirty years ago. My last memory of Jung is still painful to me today. I see him standing in the doorway of the office, almost like a shy child—he was bringing me the "Answer to Job." It could be clearly felt that Jung expected a reaction and needed agreement. But I had been startled by this book and at first found no answer. Then came the years of my husband's illness and death. Exactly a year later Jung died. During those last years, when the "Answer to Job" had long since become self-evident to me and when I thought of it as a practically inevitable book, I neglected to get in touch with Jung once more and tell him this. Such omissions cannot be made up. Life went on and the feeling of guilt remained. It stands together with my deep gratitude. What I received from Jung is inseparately entwined with my work and with

my own life. The encounter with him was like a fructifying rain that fell at the right time.

HELENA HENDERSON

TONI WOLFF

I worked with Miss Wolff for a short time when I was only nineteen. It was really more like counselling than analysis, since I was so young. But what she did was excellent, and I am sure it had more effect than I consciously realized.

I remember one thing she said, very vividly, which explained the persona to me without actually using the word. I was shy, and thought I did not know how to behave in a social situation. She said: "You know good manners, that is all you need to know." She also cured me of talking in a high, unnatural voice which some English women seem to have. She called it a "Christmas child" voice, and I think it must have come from an effort to be too "nice."

She saw patients at that time in her mother's house, on a beautiful, quiet, tree-shaded street. I remember it as high-ceilinged, and I thought rather gloomy, full of heavy valuable furniture. Definitely haute bourgeoise, and she fitted into it, as well as being strongly individual.

She had very changeable looks, as so many intuitives do, and could sometimes look beautiful and sometimes quite plain. Her extraordinary brilliant eyes—mystic's eyes—were always expressive. To me she fitted perfectly the "medium" type of her own writing. Also I am sure "hetaira" too, though that was not the side of her that I knew.

I was very impressed by her clothes, at a time when women were either "well-dressed" or not. Now it is so easy for anyone to dress well, especially in the United States, but coming as I did from Cambridge I found her extremely elegant and worldly. I loved it.

I am sure she did more for me than I consciously realized, and I shall always be grateful to her and remember her with affection.

JOSEPH L. HENDERSON

C. G. JUNG, EMMA JUNG AND TONI WOLFF

Still today there seems to be a misconception about the relationship of C. G. Jung with his close assistant, Toni Wolff. Their love relationship has been given its psychological justification in Barbara Hannah's and Laurens van der Post's biographical studies of Jung. What is not so well known is their social relationship as it could be observed by those of us who knew and worked with them analytically during the 1920s and 30s. A brief reminiscence may help to set this aspect of the record straight.

A socially prominent couple from New York who had recently profited from a stay in Zürich, where they got help for their tottering marriage, wanted to give a dinner party for C. G., Emma and Toni before a Chinese Ball, a fancy dress benefit at the Grand Hotel Dolder, in the winter of 1929. Although I was still wary of entering into a social relationship with Jung as my analyst I was drawn into this party as an extra man, which under the circumstances seemed natural. It was a delightful evening beginning in a private room at the Kronenhalle Restaurant with everyone in good humor, done up in some form of Chinese coat or mildly disguised with an oriental eye makeup in preparation for the ball.

Like most such dinner parties the world over, conversation swung from funny to serious and, as is usual with six people, general talk alternated easily with tête-à-tête. Jung, true to habit in his own milieu, was full of energy for making the party a success and I especially remember the dedication with which he and Emma ate the excellent dinner provided for us by our hosts. Memory has blocked out most of what happened to our party at the ball and that is, I think, because it was quite unremarkable. This is in itself remarkable in that I recall no strain or tension between Emma Jung and Toni Wolff. They seemed perfectly at ease with each other as was Jung with each of them.

At other times in later years I was aware that Jung was careful to give Emma and Toni their affectionate places in his public life. When he came to London to deliver the Tavistock Lectures in 1935 he brought Toni Wolff as his companion and hostess. I remember the surprise and pleasure of the Englishwomen who met her at her elegance in wearing a different striking hat for each occasion. Two years later in 1937 Jung again came to London to give a public lecture after a trip to America and this time his companion and hostess was Emma Jung who had her own style and dignity.

Fowler McCormick, a businessman and philanthropist from Chicago, was a close friend of the Jung family and he often told me in later years how deeply the Jungs and Toni were respected in their own circle for keeping their personal problems to themselves. Even the Jung children did not know of their father's close relation to Toni until long after it began, even though they often saw her in their home. He felt, and I would corroborate this impression, that as nearly as possible in our monogamous society, Jung found two wives in these women and so provides no model for the rest of us to follow. It depended on a form of consciousness that totally transcended the ordinary worldly model—that of an important man who maintains a marriage and indulges himself on the side with a mistress.

It is true that in later years Toni Wolff and Jung saw less of each other as age and sickness kept him at home with his family a large part of the time. This must have been a lonely time for her. Was he at fault? I think not, since he had said from the beginning that his relation with another woman would never separate him from his basic commitment to his marriage. But his relation to Toni had its own unique place in his life, even surviving her death, which came before Emma's. His testament of this fact was shown in a touching way. He made a sculpture expressing his sadness at Toni's departure which he placed in his garden at the family home in Küsnacht. After Emma's death he made a commemorative sculpture for her which he placed, almost as a little shrine, in the garden of his country home at Bollingen.

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ELIZABETH B. HOWES

MEMORY OF EMMA JUNG

In 1955, I had the privilege of working analytically with Mrs. Jung for several months.

Many times since then I have found myself saying to groups, when speaking of my contact with the Jungs, that I found Mrs. Jung the most integrated person in Zürich. I said it quite spontaneously first, and on further reflection knew it was true.

I found myself deeply moved by a woman who had so obviously found herself and her own authenticity in the midst of so many collective pressures. She was the wife of Carl Jung, which was certainly not an easy task. And she maintained—or rather, achieved—an individuality separate from his. She became a scholar in later years which culminated in her excellent book, *The Legend of the Holy Grail.* Also she became a wise and sensitive analyst, pointing simply and directly to what needed to be looked at. She was a joy to work with.

Today, many women speak of the need for a "role model." Mrs. Jung was definitely that, in her fine balance of creative animus and feminine functioning. She seemed never to go too far in either direction.

Mrs. Jung's quiet, penetrating, active and participating attitude helped one always to know that one was working in a religious process where the unconscious was revealing—in even the slightest way—powers greater than the ego. But always I remember how she stressed the role of the ego in the development of consciousness. Mrs. Jung said to me, "There are egos and egos and egos. The problem is to find the right one." To me, as I saw her, she had found hers and had related it to the deeper archetypal powers making for wholeness.

BUFFIE JOHNSON

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

I had received a small grant from the Bollingen Foundation to work on a book on the *Great Goddess and Her Sacred Animals.* One of the important collections of illustrative photographs was that compiled by Frau Froebe for the Eranos Archives in Ascona, so I had made a reservation there at the Casa Tamaro.

I sent a letter to Dr. Jung asking him if I might stop to call on him. In reply I had a pleasant letter saying that he was taking his spring holiday (March, 1950) in Ascona at that time, that he would be staying at the Casa Tamaro for two weeks, and would be pleased if I would join him and Frau Jung there.

I arrived in Ascona in a state of exhaustion. Inquiring at the hotel as to whether the Jungs had arrived, I was told that Dr. Jung was in the sitting room. I was too tired to greet anyone that evening, even Dr. Jung, but I could not resist peeping in through the curtains of the glass door. There sat Dr. and Frau Jung quietly reading. I could hardly believe it. It seemed too wonderful to be true.

The two weeks in this intimate tiny hotel were spent talking at length each day with Dr. Jung, while Frau Jung quietly presided over the conversations. I didn't know then that she was dying of cancer and that this was the last year of her life. They seemed to be very much at peace with each other. Dr. Jung gave me the impression of the most integrated and highly developed person I had ever met. He was so open and available. He showed great interest in the subject of my book and suggested many sources to consult, giving titles, authors and publication dates with great rapidity. I was struck by his erudition and the lucidity of his mind in his eightieth year. He was unassuming because he did not need to be anything else. His whole personality commanded respect.

Mornings we walked along the quay beside the lake in front of the hotel. He explained synchronicity to me by pointing out the stones at the lake's bottom and the surface of the water as different levels of simultaneous experience. His demonstration as we walked gave me more of a grasp of his theory than I had gotten from reading his work on synchronicity because he was so illuminating and the immediate visual experience so vivid.

At tea time the Jungs entertained whomever had come down from Zürich to visit them for the day and I was fortunate enough to be included. In the evenings we gathered in the hotel sitting room alone. It was then that Dr. Jung held the floor in a very right and natural way. His favorite topic was the two years which he had spent in Africa. He talked about travelling with the natives and of how they would gather after breakfast to recount their dreams. If the dreams proved inauspicious they would not venture anywhere that day.

It was at one of these still times that Dr. Jung had an adventure which I do not think he has told anywhere in print. He saw a hill in the middle of the jungle. On inquiring about it, he was told, in no uncertain terms, that he should not journey there because the place was full of evil spirits. Nothing would have it but that Dr. Jung would go there. When he reached the top of the hill and viewed the vegetation of the jungle below waving like a green sea, he was filled with an unspeakable terror. He wanted to bolt, but he decided, however, that he would not move until he could overcome his unreasoning fear. Forty-five minutes later he descended the hill.

ROBERT JOHNSON

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

My contact with Dr. Jung?—certainly one of the most important events of my life!

When I enrolled in the C. G. Jung Institute in Zürich at its first term in 1948 there were some thirty students, diverse in nature, I

the youngest at age twenty-seven. I began analysis with Dr. Jolanda Jacobi, who probably was the worst possible choice for this shy, inexperienced, highly introverted feeling type. At my first hour Dr. Jacobi explained that she conducted her hours pacing the floor. She justified this by saying she was an extraverted Hungarian and that this was her manner. Her neighbor one floor below had taken her to court for pacing and the judge had ruled that since it was her nature to pace this was her born right but that she must not pace before eight in the morning or after ten at night. I was impressed with Swiss justice, but should have known that there was no hope for my analysis in her hands.

One day soon after beginning with Dr. Jacobi I brought one of the great pivotal archetypal dreams which has periodically punctuated my life. Dr. Jacobi paced at accentuated speed and announced that I should not dream dreams like that! I was a young man and the dream I had brought was an old man's dream. I should not dream dreams like that! Even in my naivete I knew that this was an inadequate interpretation of the dream and I had to have more guidance than Dr. Jacobi was capable of giving. So I left the analysis, clumsily, without tact. I asked for an hour with Mrs. Jung, who was lecturing at the Institute and who appealed to me as a gentle, introverted, dignified person. She agreed to see me next day and I went to Küsnacht to tell her my great dream which was hanging so heavily over me. I sensed that it was a very good dream but difficult by virtue of the transpersonal scope and its very great weight. Mrs. Jung listened to my dream, said very little but in quite a different way from Dr. Jacobi's dismissal of the dream.

It seems that Mrs. Jung discussed my dream with Dr. Jung that evening for Dr. Jung called the school next day and told me, "Please come out here, I want to talk at you." Two days later I was again at Küsnacht to be met at the door by the famous two dogs at the entrance to Dr. Jung's house. I had heard that he arranged to have his two dogs meet a new patient, the dogs being more sensitive to a potential psychotic than any human observation. I felt as if I had passed Cerberus on my journey to the Inner World, and by the time Dr. Jung came the dogs were on their backs enjoying my petting.

Dr. Jung took me into the garden and proceeded to give me a very long lecture on the meaning of my dream, what it meant to me to

have contact in this manner with the deep parts of the collective unconscious, how I should live, what I might expect of my life, what I should not attempt, what I could trust, what did not belong to me in life. The meeting took nearly three hours and it was clear that I was to listen and not interrupt. Non-directive counselling, indeed! Dr. Jung advised me to spend most of my time alone, have a separate room in the house to be used for nothing but inner work, never to join any organization or collectivity. He indicated that though it was true that I was a young man, my dream was of the second half of life and was to be lived no matter what age I was. When such a dream comes it is to be honored whether the time or circumstances are convenient or not. Dr. Jung told me that the unconscious would protect me, give me everything that I needed for my life and that my one duty was to do my inner work. All else would follow from this. He said that it was not the least important whether I accomplished anything outwardly in this life since my one task was to contribute to the evolution of the collective unconscious. The dream was of the general form of three elements being differentiated and a fourth less well developed; he elaborated at great length the problem of adding the fourth element to the existing trinity of faculties and the implications of this development. He was jubilant at that time over the forthcoming proclamation from Rome of the bodily Assumption of the Virgin Mary into Heaven and talked of that as an example of the addition of the fourth element to the already established three.

My observations of Dr. Jung were several; his frequent laughter, his kindness in taking an unknown youth through his great dream, and most of all, his gift of walking by my side in the matter of typology. It was my observation that here was a man just like me! His thought movement, timing, humor were almost exactly parallel to my own. How fine to find someone so much like myself who can stand two generations ahead of me and speak my own language. Not only did Dr. Jung speak English with me but he spoke my introverted feeling type as well. Only later when I was with him in groups of people did I learn that he was quite different from me in type and that his gift to me was in leaving his own natural typology and engaging me in my own. I was so deeply impressed with this that I determined to learn the same art with others as I was capable.

I continued work with both Dr. Jung (brief meetings at his invitation) and Mrs. Jung. Mrs. Jung was a highly introverted, sensitive person who I learned only much later was an introverted sensation type. I fear I put her through a difficult time with my feeling-intuitive extravagances but she also gave me the gift of following my typology rather than her own.

OLGA FREUN VON KOENIG-FACHSENFELD

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

It was at a session of the "School of Wisdom" of Count Hermann Keyserling in Darmstadt, Germany, around 1921. This session, if I remember rightly, bore the title "Man and Earth." Keyserling had the gift of bringing together for a symposium representatives of the most diverse fields. Among those who spoke on that occasion were Frobenius (Africa), Scheler (philosophy), Prinzhorn (psychiatry, art of the mentally ill). And also C. G. Jung.

In an atmosphere that was, I might say, almost prickly with intellect and also a bit modish, the lectures kept offering new high points. But it was the statements of C. G. Jung, then still unknown to me, that touched me in a quite special way. They contrasted so thoroughly with the rational intellectuality of the rest—at least that was my impression. But, simultaneously with my admiring fascination, my young sense of reality became alerted: "This is 'superbrain,' can this be all right?"

When later in the course of the session I saw Jung, like a sturdy peasant, his hat pushed back to the scruff of his neck, walking out of that convivial (fashionable) society milieu in long strides, then I knew: "If *this* man says something like *that*, then it must be all right." The earth-rootedness that I felt in Jung was for me the guarantee for the credibility of his psychology.

That was the beginning of my way to C. G. Jung.

ELINED PRYS KOTSCHNIG

MEMORY OF EMMA JUNG

She was a big, well-built, earth mother type, rather shy, and truly modest. She was not in the least fazed at being the wife of C. G. Jung. She had grown into the stage of his world-fame at his side, and took it naturally. I recall telling her how I had felt, before a session with Jung, as though I were about to climb Sinai, so great was my anxiety and the sense of awe I irrationally felt. I've never forgotten the amused lift of her eyebrows, and her surprised "Really?" at the thought of his inspiring such intense emotion!

P. W. Martin, author of *Experiments in Depth,* used to say that the really individuated partner in the Jung couple was *Mrs.* Jung! And I remember when I returned to Zürich after the war, when the Institute was just being organized and there was much nervous tension and mutual criticism to be observed, that the only person who was *not* a target of criticism was Mrs. Jung. As she was chairman of the Curatorium, I found myself wondering what could be wrong with Mrs. Jung—until in the course of several months at the Institute, it became clear that everything was so *right* with Mrs. Jung that nobody felt the need to find fault. She was admired, respected, beloved, and she moved quietly through that first difficult year, a truly healing and helpful presence.

PETER C. LYNN

C. G. JUNG, EMMA JUNG, AND TONI WOLFF

My wife and I spent three exciting years in Zürich, from 1950 through 1953. In those days we were a small band of American students at the Zürich Institute, which was just beginning to hit its stride as a professional training center.

Life was cheap then, the G.I. Bill provided for basic necessities, and after David and I had persuaded the U.S. Embassy in Paris to include the C. G. Jung Institute in Zürich in the list of approved institutions of higher education, we got by very nicely. Jung himself was no longer teaching, but about twice a year he would invite the diploma candidates to his house in Küsnacht for "fireside chats." He would stand by the fireplace, pipe in mouth, and ask for questions on anything and everything, encouraging us to engage him in dialogue. My most vivid recollections of these extraordinary evenings is the experience of Jung as a giant whose head touched the clouds and whose feet were rooted in the very center of the earth. Within the same sentence he would connect an earthy, peasant-type joke (laughing uproariously) with an obscure pre-Christian myth, both directly relevant to the question under discussion. I used to come away from these gatherings with a great sense of awe, having glimpsed ultimate issues in a thoroughly human context. His wife would appear now and then, but she never participated in the discussions.

Emma Jung was still actively teaching at the Institute and contact with her in class or in her home was always warm and cordial. She was an ample woman, with an open and accepting attitude, very much her own person, who seemed to take the complexities and difficulties of life rather as a matter of course. She was always available for counsel and made me feel genuinely welcome.

In stark contrast, Toni Wolff's appearance at the Institute (she was rarely privately approachable) was that of a ghost-like figure, gaunt, haughty and forbidding. No smile ever crossed her face in class, in fact she betrayed no emotions of any kind. Questions were answered in clipped tones which made the questioner feel small, even stupid, for having asked the question in the first place. The icy impression she conveyed made most of us ponder how she could ever have been a "femme fatale" or "femme inspiratrice" to anybody, least of all C. G. Jung.

Today, from the vantage point of a senior analyst with thirty years of experience I wonder about the accuracy of these perceptions: how much projection was there on my part? All the same, I offer them herewith as images and impressions very much alive in my memory.

SHEILA MOON

MEMORY OF EMMA JUNG

A few weeks ago I was walking in the spring woods and recalling Emma Jung—that incomparable Swiss "godmother"—and I was going back to the initial meeting with her. In the midst of my memories suddenly I realized that I probably would never have written my first novel for young people without her! This awareness was so startling that I had to stop and examine it, because she never knew about the book, and I never knew about it either, until after her death.

Soon after my first return to Zürich after that sad and unexpected event, I dreamed that she came to me in the garden at Küsnacht, greeted me warmly, smiled, and said, "You must start writing. Write some pages every day." And the dream ended.

I had not come to Zürich planning to write. I had come to study again at the Jung Institute, to explore myself further, and to travel in between learnings. However, because of my deep trust in and feeling for Emma Jung, I took the dream literally as well as psychologically. I set aside time each day for writing. And I wrote faithfully. Remembering how she had always suggested, and honored, and discussed with me, many "active imaginations," I began with a childhood memory of walking with my dog in hills above the sea. The remembering very quickly moved into a strange scene of my dog and myself falling down a small hole into another world, a fantasy world.

More than a year and more than 400 handwritten pages later, the active imagination came to its end. Much had been inwardly realized in the writing. Emma Jung's wisdom lived in it—a gracious and no-nonsense wisdom which I began to realize in the telling. A bookish friend read these pages, then pushed me to make a juvenile novel of the writing. Eventually I did. It became *Knee-Deep in Thunder*.

I remember our first meeting in Küsnacht. I was uneasy at first, but the unease did not last longer than it took the maid to announce me and usher me in. What I saw was a warm smile, an outstretched hand, and a wise, earthy, quiet, welcoming woman. As I recall, I began to cry.

I came to know her as person, as analyst, as a strong and quiet feminine being with her own ideas, her Swiss humor, her graciousness, and her quiet sensitivity.

In all my analytic work I had never before worked with a sensation type. I was that, and I had always sat opposite intuitive and/or feeling personalities, because they put me to the test of reckoning with my other half. But now I found that sensation could be a rich gift. The way in which Emma Jung sat, arose, walked, smiled, and spoke was a gift to me because it restored my trust in that which I was at the core of being. She sat quietly—as some animals have a way of doing—as if all that was needed was being there and seeing. She listened, her hands usually very quiet in her lap. When she spoke, it was to the point and filled with knowledge, wisdom, and caring.

A memory of Dr. Jung: he had walked along the lake to the hotel where Mrs. Jung was to join us to sit outside and talk.

I said, "Shall I go for Mrs. Jung?"

Dr. Jung turned to me and said, "I don't send for my wife to come to me, I go to her," and he left to get her.

CULVER NICHOLS

"QUITE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION"

Old-time Yankees in New England had a handy phrase for describing a person without saying too much about that person. This phrase was "quite a business proposition." I first heard it from my New Hampshire-born father-in-law and again many years later across the sea in Switzerland, in talking with C. G. Jung, who used it in a vernacular way, just as if he were born and bred in New England. His English was American style and to a degree Yankee American. This phrase "quite a business proposition" would say about a particular individual that that person was someone of substantial importance, to be reckoned with, to be dealt with, but it implied neither approval nor disapproval. It neither praised nor condemned in any sense! It simply said that this was *somebody*. It left open all value judgments. The thought later occurred to me that this very well applies to Jung himself, that he is in so many ways quite a business proposition.

During the winter of 1951–52 students at the C. G. Jung Institute, Zürich, were advised to attend the annual masquerade party in costume. The idea came to me to outline my arms and legs with large colorful feathers. These were found in children's Indian headdresses at the Franz Weber toy store on Zürich's Bahnhofstrasse. These headdresses were then opened out full length and stitched to the arms and legs of black ski tights. At the party Jung was obviously enjoying the festivities and the sight of the colorfully costumed couples on the dance floor. He chatted happily with all who came over to take a seat near him. He liked to identify the costumes and called me an "Eagle Dancer," to my surprise. I had been so close to the creation of my disguise that I had failed to see its meaning in depth. "Quite a business proposition," said Jung about a "Venetian Woman" swirling by to the lively music.

By his presence at such functions Dr. Jung contributed to the sense of personal participation shared by the students and faculty of

the C. G. Jung Institute, yet at all times his privacy was respected and no one thought to take advantage of his openness. His real business was with the unconscious in the tremendous task of writing his most important works, and yet he was always willing to listen and to talk. He was often visited by such outstanding figures as physicist Nils Bohr, Laurens van der Post, Father Victor White, and many others, and one felt that he had personal time for each visitor while at the same time being deeply involved in his writings.

The business of publication and distribution of his work was given to others. His translator was R. F. C. Hull, who lived at Ascona. In talking with Hull, I felt that he was a remarkable translator who understood Jung's writing deeply and thoroughly and was able to bring into the English translations many of the nuances from the German that might seem untranslatable to some.

I was interested in the reasons for delays in the publication of Jung in English, wondering why it was taking so long after the translation was completed for us to be able to go into a bookstore and buy the book *Psychology and Alchemy,* for example, in English. The English edition was finally ready when I was leaving this country to return to Zürich in 1953. I was very fortunate to be able to obtain an early copy in New York on my way. I took it to Küsnacht where it was autographed for me by Dr. Jung. But I was surprised at how long before that book would be available in bookstores, and it seemed to be that way with all Jung's books. I was greatly concerned about this and I became a little busybody, talking to Dr. Gerhard Adler, who was the head of the Board of Publications. I finally realized that new volumes in the collected works would appear in English when the books themselves felt good and ready.

During our year in Zürich, *Time* magazine requested a press interview and cover story on Jung, but he was too deeply involved in his work to want to be disturbed by this. Also he was leery of the kind of journalism that was happening in those years in which, as always with reporting, things don't usually come out the way you present them. So he put off having that interview and asked my wife and me to help the *Time* magazine reporter get his story without having the interview he sought.

This points up the fact that here was a man who was quite a business proposition but who didn't have any public relations arrangements at all! The whole thing was handled within the Jung house-

hold by Jung's secretary, Mary Jean Schmidt, who was a gentle and reluctant dragon, protecting him from undesired encounters. The family realized that what happens with reporting is apt to result in distortions of meaning. So it just seemed better at this time to avoid such interviews. Because they had a tight little household, Mrs. Jung and Mary Jean saw to it that only those people who were wanted got in.

For example, at the same time the magazine reporter was trying to see Jung, there was a psychologist from India, a Dr. Banerjee who had been sent all the way to Zürich by his colleagues in a psychoanalytical association in Calcutta. His mission was to present greetings to Jung and appreciation of Jung's remarkable bridge building between the psychology of East and West. Dr. Banerjee was invited to the house and I was invited to transport him in my car. It was a very exciting week because we had to keep the *Time* reporter away and at the same time arrange unobtrusively that the Hindu psychiatrist have his meeting with Jung.

The household was concerned to avoid Jung being called "mystic." This was something that was a matter of professional concern, perhaps even professional pride and dignity, because the label "mystic" was sometimes used to denigrate Jung and his work. The fact was that Jung was a great empirical scientist in his field. There was a need to know about things mysterious and he was the guy who was doing the research where it had to be done, in the unconscious, and reporting it; so he was entitled to be regarded as the great scientist of psychology, and it would be quite petty and untrue to call him a "mystic."

But the press still persisted in saddling him with this label. Imagine what the *Time* reporter would have done with the knowledge, if he had it, that a Hindu psychologist was visiting Jung's home and having talks with him! This might have been too sensational. So we all thought it just as well that their paths didn't cross.

I am sure that many people have been helped in business and professional lives and in all of their activities by contact with the psychology of C. G. Jung. Through my analysis and my studies I have experienced truly remarkable results and help, both in personal matters and in important business transactions, directly because of insights that came through Jung's psychology. I feel that the unconscious is *quite a business proposition*.

SALLIE NICHOLS

MEMORY OF EMMA JUNG AND TONI WOLFF

I worked in analysis with Miss Wolff for over a year in 1951–52. My visual image of her is of a true aristocrat—a woman of great dignity and reserve. Although I'm on a first-name basis with every other analyst with whom I've worked, it would never have occurred to me to call her by her first name—or even to think of her as "Toni." This not because she was European, nor because she was so much older than I, but I felt in her a special quality of depth, commitment and reserve which I would never have knowingly transgressed.

It might be said of her that she was "Virgin" as defined for us by Esther Harding, meaning simply an unmarried woman who, since she belonged to no man, belonged to herself and to God in a special way.

Although she was not a tall woman, she gave me that impression, sitting ramrod straight behind her desk in what I remember as a rather high-backed chair. Sometimes she wore a dress with a stand-up collar which added a queenly touch to her bearing. At these times she seemed almost a portrait of one of her ancestors. But despite her aristocratic bearing and her impeccably tailored clothes, Miss Wolff was one of the most down-to-earth practical human beings I've ever known. Her quiet empathy with the most common human dilemmas and her no-nonsense reactions were strictly contemporary.

Sometimes the dress mentioned above seemed to me like a vase from which Miss Wolff's neck and face emerged like a flower on its stem. *What flower?* Not a rose—too sweet. Not an orchid—too obvious. *What, then? A tiger lily!* I experienced Miss Wolff as a woman of rare passion, compassion and wisdom. Two stories come to mind which seem best to illustrate these qualities. The first is rather personal, but worth sharing, I believe, because the problem dealt with is one so often encountered in this vale of crocodile tears. I had learned that my husband had embarked upon a romance with a Eu-

ropean woman. Like most of us at the Institute who were undergoing intensive and prolonged analysis, I had already experienced the mysterious, magic, and even devilish ways that "the Zürich experience" can (and perhaps *must*) temporarily upset what we used to call "normalcy" and "sanity." Way down deep I didn't honestly believe that I and my three "innocent" progeny were about to be tossed out into the snow forever. But the role of Wounded Wife is a tempting one. This especially so for someone reared in the USA, where we genuflect at the mere mention of Mom and Apple Pie. So, of course, I went blubbering to Miss Wolff with my woes. She listened attentively and sympathetically to my interminable trials, but when I at last came up for breath, she made a suggestion that still startles me.

"Why don't you ask this other woman to lunch tomorrow?"

"You mean, a wee drop of arsenic in the tea?" I asked, hope of deliverance shining through my tears.

"By no means," replied Miss Wolff sternly. "But, you would then get to know her a bit, you might even *like* her." Then after a pause, Miss Wolff added this: "You know, sometimes if a man's wife is big enough to leap over the hurdle of self-pity, she may find that her supposed rival has even helped her marriage! This 'other woman' can sometimes help a man live out certain aspects of himself that his wife either can't fulfill, or else doesn't especially want to. As a result, some of the wife's energies are now freed for her own creative interests and development, often with the result that the marriage not only survives, but emerges even stronger than before!"

But I did not follow Miss Wolff's advice. I was too self-centered and too encumbered with false images to make it over the hurdle of self-pity. I preferred nursing my fantasy of my rival as a "wicked witch" to facing her human reality. Since then, I've often wished I had found the courage to ask her to lunch! Then maybe I might have freed my energies for more interesting activities than skulking about in corners, licking my wounds and glaring accusingly at the world around me!

I might, for instance, have accepted the very kind invitation of a young Dutch student to spend the Easter recess at his parental home in Holland. He was much younger than I, so our relationship had few, if any, sexual overtones. But just think what I might have learned about tulips!

To drop the final shoe on my first story. About twenty-five years later on a return trip to Zürich, I did meet "the mystery woman"—that "wicked home breaker." She and my husband and I all had lunch together. By this time, of course, we were three "old parties"—all greying at the temples and beginning to be a bit unsteady on our pins. I liked her fine, and we had a pleasant hour together. But we all seemed a little puzzled as to just what we were doing there!

Although I didn't follow Miss Wolff's advice when it was proferred I did learn one valuable thing from this experience: Philosophizing is all well and good. But time is the fourth dimension of our earthly reality. *Carpe Diem*—or forget it!

The second example of Miss Wolff's practical advice and of her direct almost abrupt manner is short and sweet. One day, just at the end of our hour together, I read her an active imagination which had come to me, as these things do, over my left shoulder. The characters in this dramatic dialogue had surprised and delighted both of us by expressing wisdom and humor far beyond my ego-awareness.

I had risen to leave and had already opened the door to do so, when I heard Miss Wolff's voice call my name almost imperiously.

"Mrs. Nichols!"

"Yes?" with my hand still on the doorknob, I turned back to face her.

"DON'T THINK YOU DID IT!" she said.

Each word was spoken in capital letters and has remained with me as if carved in stone. In recent years, I have found (thank God) more use for this admonishment than occasions where "inviting the other woman to lunch" seemed appropriate! (Although I have invited a couple of ladies to tea—just as a precautionary measure!)

But the words: "Don't think you did it!" I find very useful. When things go well, I remember that I didn't *do* it, and also when things don't go well, I no longer feel obligated to assume *all* the responsibility. It has helped cut my hubris and guilt both down to human dimensions.

There are times when I wish we could abolish entirely from our vocabularies such dichotomies, as praise/blame; pride/shame and the like. All of which leads me to conclude with a very short recollection about Mrs. Jung, because it seems so aptly to illustrate this point.

I didn't work analytically with Mrs. Jung, and I didn't know her personally but I did attend her excellent course on the Grail Legend. Each class ended with a brief question period, and I had always observed and admired the simple yet knowledgeable way Mrs. Jung fielded all questions from the most erudite and challenging ones to those that were more pedantic, or even naive.

But, one day something very unusual happened. Someone raised what appeared to be a very elementary question of fact, to which I assumed Mrs. Jung would respond briefly, but courteously as always. However, on this occasion she did not answer the question at all! There was a silence. Then she said quite simply, "I don't know the answer to that. I just never thought of this question before!"

I was absolutely dumbfounded! Here sat one of the greatest living authorities on the Grail Legend, the wife of "the" C. G. Jung, if you please, teaching a course at the august C. G. Jung Institute in Zürich and she was perfectly willing to sit there and *admit* that she not only didn't know the answer to this relatively simple question, but that the question itself had never occurred to her!

I wondered why she didn't avoid this embarrassment by one of the many subterfuges often used by speakers on such occasions (e.g., "I'm so glad you raised this question! But, alas, there's no time today to do it justice. We will begin with your question next week.")

In the midst of my concern for Mrs. Jung's supposed embarrassment, I suddenly realized that the "embarrassment" was entirely my own! Mrs. Jung, far from feeling embarrassed, humiliated, chagrined, guilty, ignorant, or anything of the sort, was enjoying the situation immensely! She was laughing in the most spontaneous and free way imaginable.

Oh, how I wish I could find the words to convey the essence of that laugh! Its quality was so unusual, that I can perhaps more readily define it in terms of what it was *not*. It was not "apologetic," "self-depreciatory" or "ingratiating." It wasn't "disarming," because Mrs. Jung obviously didn't feel threatened or on the defensive. I can't even call it "charming" because to do so would imply that her laughter was, at least partly, intended as a form of communication (i.e., to "charm" us). But the fact is it wasn't intended for us at all. That never-to-be-forgotten laugh was quite simply Mrs. Jung's spontaneous reaction to the outer situation in which she accepted as a

humorous "just-so-story"—involving no moral judgments, no guilt feeling, and no broken images of perfectionism or omniscience. It was the musical laughter of a young girl—or, rather, of a carefree and wise woman, an individual human being, stripped of the tremendous burden of false notions that most of us carry about and arrived full circle to recapture the spontaneity of youth, the innocence of those golden days before our natural humanity got buried under tons of garbage.

The seminar ended that day with all of us joining Mrs. Jung in her laughter and sharing, if only for one brief moment, the unique quality of this experience.

SUZANNE PERCHERON

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

Extracts from notes taken by Suzanne Percheron during or immediately after regular interviews she had with C. G. Jung from 1935 to 1961. The parts in parentheses are words spoken by S. Percheron. All others are recorded statements made by C. G. Jung, set down by her and gathered from her notebooks which she has authorized us to publish here.

1941

(Everything that you say has in me an immediate resonance; what X writes interests me, but you are something else. . . .)

Because it is the truth, a force of nature that expresses itself through me—I am only a channel—I don't oppose myself to expression—therefore, several times I have said definite things that I didn't know and that I forgot at once after having said them. I let it enter—that's the objective attitude.

I can imagine myself in many instances where I would become sinister to you. For instance, if life had led you to take up an artificial attitude, then you wouldn't be able to stand me, because I am a natural being. By my very presence I crystalize; I am a ferment.

The unconscious of people who live in an artificial manner senses me as a danger. Everything about me irritates them, my way of speaking, my way of laughing. They sense nature.

Life, even at best, can force one to take this or that route, one sure must live it, but this can lead you into being artificial.

Truth can be cruel, useless—one must not always tell it, one must tell it when it can be useful, when it can do good.

Truth can drive "crazy." We must not gauge this by our own vigor. You may become a little less sturdy and then you cannot stand it any more.

One must be very prudent, full of precautions. There are few people who are truly interesting. One calls them "interesting." They are valuable in one narrow area; that's the folly of an education that puts stress on ability rather than on humanity. The result is a lack of human beings. One wants to bring out a talent—"You have a nice voice, become a tenor"—and they then strive to become that only, that is their folly.

As for me, I have always done my utmost to be a human being. Already at school they were astonished when I wrote a good essay, because I loved sports and occasionally got drunk.

Inside himself a man depends on his reputation, one must not damage him there. A woman also has her reputation, but it is in a different area, it is concerned more with her personal role, her role at home. A man's situation is different. To recognize a great error can be fatal for him, because by this he risks losing his authority.

I, for instance, if in certain matters my wife would notice my errors, or if she showed me that she notices them, I would be afraid of my wife. Because then she shows me that I have not been conscious.

(But you would at least like to know this.)

Yes, provided that it is not too strong and perhaps also that it comes from myself. That is why women need to be extremely diplomatic. That is a very difficult role for them, because one must not subsidize the fantasies of others. Certain women make weaklings of their husbands, without authority, flaccid. Others make them inflated—it's a very delicate balance.

It is above all in this area that women are perceptive. On some other points one can show them their weakness, but as a general rule one cannot demonstrate to a surgeon that he has killed his patient or that he has botched an operation.

Men are less vulnerable in their quality as father, husband. There women are most susceptible. For instance, one cannot tell a woman that she has lost her husband because she lacks charm without running the risk of wounding her.

Women are a magical force. They surround themselves with an emotional tension stronger than the rationality of men. A man cannot create the atmosphere of a home. He can disturb the atmosphere, but he cannot create it. The atmosphere of a home depends above all on the woman.

Woman is a very very strong being, magical. That is why I am afraid of women.

(I suppose that you dream?)

No, I almost don't dream anymore.

(!?!)

I used to dream when I began to discover my unconscious. One dreams when the unconscious has something to say, but my consciousness is always so receptive now that the door is open. I am ready to accept. With me the unconscious can flow into consciousness. I no longer have prejudice, or fear, or resistance.

The dream is a way in which the unconscious makes itself known to consciousness. Many people have no memory of their dreams because the unconscious knows that it will not be heard, so what's the use; then they don't remember.

(How could one bring about in France an evolution towards the recognition of unconscious life?)

I know only one way: through psychology. Perhaps there are other ways, by and by. Everything happens in such small ways, invisibly. One does not notice it. Take the time when Christ was on earth, or the time of the Buddha. For their contemporaries it was only by and by, bit by bit that something was achieved.

(A practical question: How, when one wants to tell someone, something, can one avoid doing harm?)

That is a question of good taste, of tact, of discernment.

On the whole, when there is complete unconsciousness, don't say anything. The shock would be too great. Unconsciousness is not complete when there is embarrassment, or any kind of reaction. For instance, when someone is sitting with a snake under his armchair, one must warn him gently, but sometimes it is better not to give a warning.

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The intuitives who construct daydreams which follow their fancy—with these intuitives who construct daydreams there develops, of necessity, an inferiority complex, and in order to make up for it more and more daydreams are necessary.

Naturally these intuitive spirits also have great charm and a certain power, because they seduce the others, whom it would pay to stay on the ground, but who listen to them and are seduced. In reality hurt and danger are reinforced. On earth one must become substance.

(How can one remedy this?)

Simply by becoming conscious of it. By confirming the fact, by not avoiding it. One must of necessity acquire this understanding.

(But then one is unhappy. One should not have to be shown by someone else.)

One must not avoid unhappiness. One must accept suffering; it is a great teacher.

(But happiness too! I don't think that I avoid unhappiness and I have learned much by observing my suffering, but I have learned much from happiness, and I seek it.)

There, that's the error, one must not seek happiness.

The happiness that one seeks is a usurped one. Organic happiness, the bliss that comes from the center of the earth, that alone is fruitful and that simply comes. Sometimes it surges from the deepest suffering. Let me quote Nietzsche's verses, who in the greatest depth of his suffering cries suddenly: "The world, has it become perfect?" such bliss did he feel.

One must not seek happiness, one must not avoid suffering. When one distances oneself too much from suffering one loses depth, and happiness comes from depth.

Intuitives don't have substance; they have inventiveness, imagination. They don't complete anything. It is necessary for them to acquire this faculty.

(I don't want to become too wise. Haven't you ever been afraid of becoming too wise?)

Not me. I have always desired it. You—you talk about something rigid and austere. But austerity goes with an artificial notion of wisdom. The wiser one is, the happier one is.

Wisdom, that's a gift of nature. It's joyous—laughter, Chinese bellies—it's the art of living. Wisdom comes from folly.

When one is wise one loves everything, but in moderation. One finds that the extremes are too costly. It's the same line, one finds oneself on the same line, but one does not go too far, because excesses must be paid for. Austerity is also in the realm of nature—the forests, the mountains—but without insistence, nature never insists on its qualities; and to do this means, in fact, to lose the quality of one's quality. It no longer is nature, no longer natural.

One insists on one's qualities because, at that moment, one is identified with one's quality. One believes that one is "that." Let flow that which emanates from you without insisting, without purpose—otherwise one has a dissatisfaction with oneself.

(What did you want to tell me the other day when you said: "You are too innocent to have an inferiority complex"? Is it this?)

No, not really. It's more complicated than that. "Innocent" comes from the root "nocif," noxious. You are not noxious, you are not damaged, you are not gnawed, and because one is not injured, one does not injure.

We live but a very short time, one must keep this in mind. The world is already not that of my father, and the world of my children is very different. In the world of my father, Christian truth was the absolute truth. Now religion is a legend. In the old days one did not surmise this problem. One must necessarily live in this world, now. God, that's man's weakness.

Your weakness is always your greatest strength.

We cannot resist our will to live. We make a field of action, we give in to a will that is not ours, "something pushes me."

You are French, I am Swiss. I am obliged, like my country, to develop myself in a vertical dimension.

In a vaster country one can develop oneself horizontally. If I had been born in America, I'd have covered miles.

To fulfill the present moment . . . but the present flows out of the past, and the future will flow out of it. So for the fullness of the present one must not forget the past and the future. One has no understanding of the present if one has no knowledge of the past and of the future.

Not to preach, to avoid anything that one could call a sermon, or self-righteousness. But one must not insist on one's weakness, one makes weakness weaker by demonstrating it. I speak in such a way that the other can say, "He accuses himself."

To ring indirectly; if it resonates in the other, fine. If I *make* it ring, then it's bad.

It is of no importance whether evil is here or there, but one can deal only with the evil in oneself, because it is within one's reach, elsewhere one trespasses.

There are people who are gratified by the crimes of others; I am not. One wants to look for the guilty one and one loses track of one's own fault. There is a desperate determination not to enter one's own domain, to accuse another if one wants to avoid the fault in oneself.

One must not be glad that another has committed the fault because that is a trap into which one can fall. In saying, "There, it's him!" I feel free of guilt.

One wants to correct, to remedy evil. Everyone can correct his own evil, but not evil elsewhere. Through the sermon one deprecates one's fault, one's sin. It is part of our wholeness to have a shadow. Nothing satisfies our thirst but our wholeness; it is foolishness to be glad that another is guilty. One is also guilty.

One finds that the right time comes when one is ready.

When one is born to be something, one must become it. The unused libido acts in an autonomous way.

1950

On a train a fantasy so absorbed me that I did not read the book I had along: a man was about to drown, he was floundering. I arrive at home and learn that at that same moment my grandson almost drowned.

An English girl of the nobility, titled, is born in India. Wealthy parents. Her aya (nanny) takes full charge of her and she is nourished mostly by Asia—tales, legends, atmosphere, plus the influence of the land where she is born. Then she is sent to France to an aristocratic boarding school. She becomes unbalanced, dissociated, cannot live, cannot adapt. She does not want to acknowledge to herself that she has the background of an Asian peasant. She comes to see me and makes no progress. Of her dreams I cannot manage to understand a good third. I tell her: "Go see someone else, I cannot . . ." "No," says she, "at least you listen to me. I can talk to you. With the others I don't even have that." "Good, let's try and continue." She arrives one day: "I have dreamt of a golden scarab." At that precise moment

something knocks on my windowpane. The noise attracts my attention, I turn around. Against the glass there is a golden scarab, that is its name. I pick it up and put it on her knees. "See!" Coincidence, synchronicity, which principle?

When one has neglected a feeling (this concerns a woman), an animus attack sets in.

One of my clients suffered a formidable animus attack. On the way over she noticed some nice strawberries in a basket and wanted to buy some for me. But she gave herself a thousand reasons not to do it. She arrived here in a state of regression.

When you have repressed, neglected, contradicted your feeling it works like a time bomb. When you think that it is a real feeling, you must never neglect it.

1951

The alchemists had no psychological language; they had to use symbols.

Gold is the Self. It's the most precious quaternity, it's the natural division of the circle. These are the four functions.

Honey? All the sweetness of the earth which one draws from the flowers.

If one knows that one is stupid, one can be nice and sweet; tolerance saves energy.

(Jung has sculpted on a piece of wood an image of the collective unconscious. He tells me about it.)

My hands were guided by vague impressions, vague thoughts, to which I could not give greater definition. I took a piece of wood and started to carve it. That comes from the unconscious. Give your hands a chance somewhere where one fathoms this language, somewhere where these things are understood.

1953

(Why did you tell me that having a lot of money can bring about a feeling of inferiority?)

You lose your security. You have acquired a false security, and it is this false security on which you live that causes your feeling of inferiority. One lives wrapped in cotton, protected from the cold and the heat. It is not good never to be cold or hot.

Very few people do anything with money, they are paralyzed. A famous composer had a friend, a patron, who had given him a beautiful villa and had guaranteed him an income and an opulent life. The composer composed nothing anymore. After some time he comes to see me. "I am obsessed by a dream: I have received a mortal wound. I bleed profusely and nothing can stop the hemorrhage." I counsel him: "You have become too rich, give a part away." Violent denials. Some time later the patron stops a part of his contributions. A great shock for the composer. Six months later he had composed a very good opera.

(I have an impression that I know my shadow.)

The shadow is something very evasive. I don't know mine. I study it by the reaction of those around me. We depend on the reflection of the mirror of our entourage. When it is not good, self-criticism is in order.

Every time that you make substantial progress, you lose a set of your relationships. All my colleagues thought that I would enter internal medicine. When I became a psychiatrist, several drifted away from me. When I chose mental illness, still others departed. When I practiced psychoanalysis, new defections. When I first approached Freud . . . when I broke with Freud . . .

It is very difficult to do things for oneself; it is not stimulating enough. Myself, when I am not forced by the suffering of another . . . It is important for others that you are in a good state; it is very important to know this.

One is effective only when one loves people. One can't do anything when one does not participate. And if you make them participate in your substance, then you give them something.

A woman thinks almost always in terms of relationships. The anima can construct illusions of relationship: one builds bridges where there aren't any.

The anima makes demands and thinks that the fault lies on the other side. A man doesn't ask himself whether the fault is his, because he does not realize that relationship means exchange. He demands that the other should give to him.

When he finds the one who is to blame, he gives up his responsibility. But he does not realize what one loses when one does not recognize one's fault. By the same token, if one is truly just, one loses one's guiltiness.

Everything I am telling you here you must find out for yourself.

Man is the last half hour of creation. When I was in Africa, I had, one day, a sensation of what it was like, the world of long ago: there was nothing, not a sound, the great silence before the advent of man.

One must realize that our consciousness needs to be better developed; too many things happen that need to be conscious.

Insofar as you become more conscious, you carry on your biological task, the task of creation, through the increase in your consciousness.

Here is perhaps the secret of your youth, your freshness. Even if the faculties of the body begin to wither, you continue to fulfill your biological task, which is your purpose.

If you no longer understand consciously, you petrify in a bed of concrete. You don't fulfill your biological purpose, and that is petrification.

1954

(Jung had been ill. He was rather tired.)

When I know that I have a day when I won't see anybody, that is so restful.

When the body becomes weak, one sees less, one hears less. One no longer hears the song of the birds.

(There are hearing aids.)

But that is a mechanical voice, that belongs to the apparatus, that is no longer the real thing. one detaches oneself from reality. Nevertheless the erotic connection exists. A certain lowering of the mental level allows one to perceive the psychic layer which makes for the movement, the pattern, the color of things.

(Color corresponds to frequencies, to certain waves. One could say that colors are produced by man. We possess the faculty to produce colors. For instance, by taking mescaline, we produce colors of extraordinary beauty . . .)

No, in doing that you paralyze the reality function.

In reality there is the struggle with the weightiness of matter. There you detach yourself from it, and that is flight.

Never to detach oneself from reality, to accept it as it is

Plato says that his philosophy is a preparation for death.

Without death, there is no depth. It too is an adventure.

With women there is a snake in the spinal cord, it is in her spinal column. That frightens men. . . . Men are more naive; with women there is no real naiveté. Men are heavy, clumsy, but naive.

(November 8, 1954. He has an attack of rheumatism since this morning. As I go towards his armchair he is reading a book and has just time to get up. Barely at ease again, he notices that the light hits me in the eye and gets up to lower the blind. . . . You are working on the *Transformations of the Libido*. . . .)

I wrote this book around 1912. It was my first great work. At the end I told myself: but I don't have a myth. After all, I am a Christian. Jesus Christ? Is he for me the hero, the myth? I had to recognize that this was not so, that I did not have one. This thought was very very disagreeable for me. I did not even want to dwell on it.

One day I had a dream. I was in a very luxurious room, Renaissance style. The marble table was like emerald and through a gilded arch one could see the blue sky without a cloud. My four children were with me, but not my wife. Suddenly a pretty dove, pure white, enters and comes to rest on the table . . . and she becomes a little girl. Then later she became a dove again and flew away. I thought a lot about this dream. The little girl resembled my oldest daughter, and I was trying conscientously—I really held to that—to avoid too strong a bond with my oldest daughter. But I thought: this has, nevertheless, to do with my daughter. That was my contact with the unconscious. I had not yet put into words the concept of "anima."

There is a book (a letter?) of Plato which begins: We were three, Socrates, but where is the one of yesterday? That intrigued me.

Faust also speaks of three, and then four.

The Trinity, one knows, but who is the fourth?

There are three synoptic gospels, a fourth gnostic one.

The apostles have three animals, plus an angel.

Egypt: Horus and his three sons. The fourth has a head. Always the fourth is apart.

Always three, and what is the fourth like?

Always, everywhere, this same symbolism.

There are three functions one can locate; the fourth is exceptional.

One can perceive intuition only through the ways of the unconscious. If you want to indicate wholeness, you make the circle with the cross inside. The cardinal points.

Four—that's when you want to characterize something that is complete. In the four elements one again finds three plus one. You can take them in sets of three: water, wind, fire are moving; earth is static. If you take earth, water, wind, the setup is different, but always the process is 3 + 1.

In alchemy it takes three or four days to produce the philosopher's stone. In the last decade one has worked with three principles of natural science: space, time, movement. Where is the fourth?

No natural law is absolute, valid everywhere. It's a statistic; one computes the average. In the guise of fact science gives us an average. Exceptional facts are thus conjured away, the diversity of nature is no longer apparent, and that is wrong.

And if you apply this to mankind, it is also wrong. There is no normal man, not even two fingerprints are alike.

One must add the fourth principle: synchronicity. The exceptional events which are reality and which science is not concerned with, since it speaks in averages.

(I believe that it is in this last decade that he has found, admitted, this principle of synchronicity.)

So I thought: the Trinity is light, but what is the fourth? What allows one to take notice of light? Darkness, the shadow. The fourth, that's the devil. He is the only metaphysical person outside of the gods. Without the fourth there is no meaning.

As long ago as the fourteenth century a Norman poet wrote a "pilgrimage of the soul," where he has the following vision: God is sitting on a throne of gold, the Queen sits by his side on a brown crystal—no golden gleams here, the brown that's the earth. The bride is admitted to the Thalamus (the nuptial chamber); one knows what will follow—the child will be born. (Hierosgamos?)

The virgin was the mediatrix. In a new prayer she becomes the Queen of Creation.

The next dogma which is already being discussed: the joint redemption. When she will have attained this rank, she will be as her son. Let us say it's ninety-five percent certain that she will be divine.

(What difference will that make to people?)

It is an expression of a change in outlook that goes together with psychology.

I have lived the myth of the fourth, the problem of evil. Evil is

prevented by the figure of the Mother of God, the mother of sinners. This is a step toward this idea of evil, it is a very radical allusion to the integration of the fourth. She is still, of course, of immaculate conception, that means that she is a goddess. The incarnation must be repeated one more time, but this time not by a goddess, but by a real woman, on a plane a little below the metaphysical.

The integration of evil. Woman. The devil. A French proverb says something like this: That which the devil cannot, a woman will do.

Synchronicity is an anticipation.

The exceptions to the rule are rejected from the natural sciences, but in these events of "chance" there are significant coincidences.

In the street you see a person on the opposite sidewalk and you think: that's so and so. You cross the street: it isn't so and so. But you find yourself face to face with him as soon as you have turned the corner and you say: by what chance have I run into you? These anticipations, perceptions, coincidences are not chance.

This proves that, under certain conditions, time, space and causality are relative to the psyche.

Our psyche can function as though space did not exist. The psyche can thus be independent of space, of time, and of causality. This explains the possibility of magic.

The archetype is outside of me as well as in me. The psychoid archetype only resembles the psyche: animals, plants, the wind behave like us.

(That is what makes things universal.)

Makes them one. The fourth reduces the three to unity: the axiom of Marie, the alchemist.

(You speak of the integration of evil. It's frightening, at times, the vulgar thoughts which occur to us—and I cite two or three examples. Does everybody have thoughts like that?)

"Vulgar"—that's not saying enough. But people don't want to admit it. They are in the mold of the "pale criminal" of whom Nietzsche speaks. They are afraid of their crime. They have not understood that integrating one's crime is to confront it.

To deny it serves only to destroy goodness, because if you don't have the courage to be face to face with your crime, you cannot have any real goodness.

No wholeness without the fourth. No light without shadow. No heaven without hell.

One must have the courage of one's qualities (qualities taken in their double sense—I make him repeat this two or three times). One must tell oneself: I am also that. It is painful, very painful. Unless one is a cynic or unless one has undertaken to relativize one's crimes and virtues.

When I hear talk about total love or honesty I want to . . . There is no such thing as perfect love, as complete honesty. . . . Nobody, nobody. And if one were to be thus, how could he stand the others? He would need that which does not exist.

Let us be humble. Let us realize that "it comes to us" . . . but people don't want this.

Intelligence depends on moral capacities.

When someone has reached his limits, one cannot make him understand more. . . . One must first admit one's limits, recognize them, and then, by working on it, one can pass beyond them.

(Why not before?)

Because when one is filled with one's own ego, the truth does not count anymore. X will be stopped by his dexterousness since he is unwilling to make sacrifices. Why does X avoid others? Because his own limits are about to be reached, and the others know that which he does not understand. If you are big, you admit the superiorities of others; if you are narrow and small you resent them.

It is difficult for superior people to have friends; they risk crushing them. But if one isn't oneself, what kind of friendship would that be?

1956

One must avoid exuberance, enthusiasm, optimism: one must be very cautious in order to avoid the presence of the devil.

The present is the product of the unconscious: unforeseeable. Confused . . . You put forth an idea, one answers, who can foresee what will become of it? Such are the contents of the unconscious. "Who is near me is near the fire, who is far from me is far from the kingdom" (apocryphal).

If I am brusque and disagreeable with you, it is the anima that I am wounding.

(Someone told me: I don't understand this, Jung says that feeling is a rational function and that love is irrational?)

Love is irrational insofar as it is a passion, but often, at the end of one's life, one sees that one's feeling has been rational.

Numbers are autonomous. They had their life, their significance before men used them as instruments.

The mathematicians continue to use them as instruments, so in that instant they become dry. Before they had their proper significance.

1—is unity, the whole, singularity.

2—this is the two halves, the complementaries, the opposites which combine to form the whole, but by the same token there is an implication of doubt.

3—2 + 1, that's the triangle. Father, mother and the result. It is a completeness, it is divinity.

4—wholeness. That includes evil, woman, but it is not finished.

5—that is where man comes in: two arms, two legs, the head. Five members. For the primitives the head is but a member like the rest. The center point is in the heart or in the guts, not in the head.

6—that's the two triangles, fire and water. Point upward: masculine. Point down: feminine. Tied together indissolubly. If one pulls them apart, one has the square, the two bases confound each other. Sign of Venus who reunites the two sexes as the goddess of love. To put them one on top of the other.

The prime numbers are infinite. It has been discovered that an equation of the fifth degree has no possible solution . . . (it is never finished?)

Yes, by death, luckily.

A psychic content can be simultaneously an idea and a psychic event which represents this idea. For instance: freedom can be an idea, and as long as it is an idea one can conceive it. But it is also a psychic event.

Philosophical concepts have an existence in themselves, but you don't control it. Take one, if you give a chance to this idea of one, what will this number tell us? You can ask it for an account of itself. one is alone, one is singular. Well outside of myself I am the singular being, indivisible, without age. The sole being and the all, without anything else outside it, that's God.

I have joined myself together with my wife: two from one, the beginning of the world. The number series begins with two. I was one and I want to join together—I am two. If I want to become one again, then it's three. I cannot become one again, I must become

new. Two is the generative principle. The Holy Ghost is a mother. In Hebrew the word "RUAH" is simultaneously masculine and feminine. Three is dynamic, toward a goal. To give to the other, to give to things the possibility to manifest themselves.

Children are in the collective unconscious until they acquire a small consciousness of their personality, until they say "I," or "me," or their name. They are rooted in the collective unconscious and are uprooted from it by the flood of impressions from the outside. They know everything, but they lose the memory of it.

Symbols are the determinants of experience. Much of the attitude towards earthly existence depends on them. Matter is a field of probabilities, but nature consists also of the psychic given . . . a curious mixture of the material given and the psychic given. It is this dissociation which is basic and the cause of all fundamental doubts.

Physical facts are at times inextricably mixed with psychic facts; at other times they are independent. These are entangled causal chains. This is what produces synchronicity. One is caused by the other and vice versa: the material, the physical, by the psychic, and the psychic by the physical. In order to conceive of this one must free oneself from prejudices. Example of the person of whom one dreams or speaks and whom one sees appearing.

The psyche, which we have a tendency to take for a subjective fact, is really a fact that extends outside of us, outside of time, outside of space. Children's dreams which are a summary of what will be their life's problem.

When an archetype is constellated in us, there is an opportunity for an experience. The archetypes are the forms of the instincts. It is shown that these forms are in nature, because nature is psychic also. It was not known that instinct has a specific form which is the archetype.

There are insects which are in symbiosis with certain plants. Why? How? They behave as if they were made for each other. Type A ants cut the leaves of certain trees. These trees produce a honey which accumulates in the crevices of that tree and which is the food of type B ants which destroy type A ants.

Circumstances can change the archetypal image. It then becomes puzzling. For instance, functioning can be damaged by the image of the father or of the mother. A prejudice is created. And in a certain

situation where you should have been oriented or aided by the archetype, this does not function and you are not with it. That is where there is a difference between humans and animals. But a human being always has the faculty to learn. When an insect cannot apply its instinct it is lost. It cannot reflect, or make deductions.

It is necessary to reflect, to meditate. A madman who is intelligent has a better chance of being healed than one who is not.

Intelligence—that's not only the spirit, that's the heart. "What loves will know."

To distrust unilateral development.

The spirit can be an isolated fact which is not transmitted. If the spirit is not transmitted by love, then it is possessed by power. The power-spirit is a rule of tremendous weight. "You must understand," "you must believe," that's eternal damnation. A strong, independent spirit can walk alone. It is hard for such a one to submit to love. That is the unilateral nature of the creature. Eros fills a woman's life, but love cannot fill a man's life.

A man needs a lot of humility to acknowledge his love. But if he doesn't acknowledge it, it is a wound that cannot be healed.

Man will transmit his spirit when he will have learned love and how to recognize it. The one-sidedness of the creature is found again in woman, the woman who wants to dominate through her love: that's the abuse of the power of love, her love then is not true love.

It's that the devil is in everything, that one cannot suppress pride. If Nerval had had the humility to recognize his love for Aurelia, then Aurelia would either have known how to be "saved"—in other words her animus would have understood what a real love consists of—or Gerard de Nerval would have been able to detach himself from it without loss.

For a woman marriage is the great business. Until now notions of prestige and love were blended among young people: the female, quite naturally, chooses the winner of the two combatants.

But for a man this is not so. For him this is not the only thing in life. A man does not marry a goddess—he would be gobbled up, dominated, he would never reach his goal. The woman would be unhappy to be a goddess instead of a woman.

It is only through knowledge of the shadow that one reaches the anima. It's the same for the animus. And as long as their shadow is not recognized, women are possessed by their animus. Anima, animus—these are possessions by personalities.

It's the inferior function which is interesting. The differentiated function—there is nothing more one can do with it. It is convenient for "communication," as a "bridge," but it is not interesting. One cannot make anything from what is perfect. Whereas the imperfect has all the potential. Ex perfecto nihil fit. But oh, the feeling of the intellectual!

There is not enough love, because one must love the imperfect in order to love wholly.

Take the differentiated intellectual. He does not admit that there are problems without solution, he always believes that by working one can arrive at the solution. But there are things that must remain in darkness, and who doesn't know this loses out.

Inferior thinking hangs on to things as they are. To realize one's inferior function is to realize one's unconscious.

[Inferiority complex]

One wants to fill (all) space when one should accept one's little space. One must know where one is. There are the realities. For instance, "I am Swiss," "I am a captain in the army," these are uncontestable facts.

I have perhaps made a few sick people better, that's true, I have written books, but will they have lasting value? I have perhaps made errors. . . . I don't take up causes. . . . I am selfish. There are some people I hate. I don't like anything modern—art or music. One can make an image which is quite banal, but also true.

I swallow myself, that belongs to self-realization.

Sure you have a feeling, but your feeling is subjective. One accepts that, or also, the smallness of one's friends.

Certain people keep up an exaggerated position, they take up too much space. If one reduces it, one can fill it up, or even expand it—which is a great happiness.

X has a young soul.

I have an old soul. At high school, at fifteen, my schoolmates called me the Patriarch Abraham. That's very important, an old soul. We always retain traces of an existence which is not earthly, a state of abundance, where we know everything.

Superior being in a state of Sansadhi. I have seen him in a chapel, as though asleep: when he will awaken, I will depart. . . . A superior being imagined for a purpose, a human existence.

(Will you recall that you were Dr. Jung, will you remember his hair, his feet, this cupboard, your wife, your children?)

That's questionable. For a very short time, perhaps . . . when the biological bond is broken with youth.

(Compensatory function of the unconscious. So it's all the same?)

No, because that which is unconscious is not at our disposition.

In aging one keeps one's passions. Space and time are relative for the psyche.

Intelligence, that's the nimble, lively, immediate, well-adapted working of all the functions. The result is a finished product.

Thought, the interlocutor, understands even if a term is unusual, but with intelligence of the heart (feeling), one understands the emotional values, those of a situation.

One can have slow intuition, not nimble, without importance or value. On the other hand, with an intelligent intuition, you perceive possibilities of great importance.

The same with sensation. You can be intelligent in your sensation and in your perception through sensations. You can be accurate, or you can be slow to see paltry things.

Intelligence is a quality of the whole person, in each aspect. In that sense, in this specific context, one can call it an impregnation. For instance, you receive a problematic letter; you cannot quite grasp the terms; but a truly intelligent person reads between the lines. A slight smile, a gesture modify the text.

That is why a conversation is more complete than a thick volume. Intelligence is a general quality, a quality that characterizes the whole being.

It's like two machines, exactly alike, but one lacks oil. When one sees an animal do that which it has to do—a cat watching a mouse and making an effective leap, an insect transporting a flower's pollen—one could say that they are intelligent.

(One loves to meet someone who corresponds to one's ideal, into whom one can pour one's own profundity.)

But depth does not depend on a relationship, it is in us. It can become apparent thanks to a relationship, but one experiences it in oneself, without anyone, it's irrational.

Your individuality, your Self, appears in the objective facts of your life. An event can seem incredible, unacceptable, but if it happens to you, then it means that it is you.

After the use of mescaline one sees the perfect form because the perception of the specific is lacking. There is in us a factor which distributes color, quality. Through mescaline our perception of the specific is annulled and you see as the creator sees, who does not notice the imperfections. One then loses the sharpness of perception and one is detached from reality.

You are not changed afterwards?

They have discovered transcendence—I strive to earn it.

It is like in narco-analysis; they discover the secrets of the sick. The important thing, however, is not that one discovers it, but that the sick person frees himself from his secret. To free oneself from a secret is an act that has merit.

As for me, I am not curious to enter the secret chamber without permission. I want to obtain it by a moral effort. That there be a transcendent world, one must draw the moral consequences from it.

When I came back from heaven—if it had been given to me to go there—the task would be too heavy. . . .

I am often annoyed if I know too many things about my patient. I try to forget them, I try not to know when a patient at times seeks to deceive me. I evaluate it, I tell myself: Oh! Oh! he doesn't know me, he is careful. That's good. Lack of restraint, that's heedless, that is not caring about the impression one makes.

There is a correspondence between the content of a projection and the being on whom it is projected. The receiver provokes a certain projection.

What must be involved, still deeper in the unconscious, is a factor that seems to have seen the "total plan" of the personality.

This factor is generally personified under the aspect of the opposite sex—animus-anima. But one makes a lot of other projections, isn't that so? It is not always in the domain of love.

It is contrary to nature to commit incest, just as it is contrary to nature not to yield to a great inclination.

1958

(We were coming back from a trip to Greece. M. said: "The Greeks did not have the notion of divinity.")

They made themselves images which went with the ambiance of the place, ceremonies, processions. Greece is a place which geographically, topographically, corresponds to the gods.

Psyche's fissure filled itself up at the moment when Christianity came. Just as in 26 after Christ the temples in Egypt caved in for the first time. Synchronicity.

The holy places are given places. Chartres was built on the site of the cult of a Celtic earth goddess. There was a fountain there. So many temples, churches were built on already hallowed ground. At Delphi, as at Eleusis, the real Greek cult was that of the mother goddess, the most ancient cult.

ISABELLE HAMILTON BEY

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

Excerpts from Letters of Isabelle Hamilton Bey written from Zürich, Switzerland, 1933 to her husband in New York.

January 17th, 1933

. . . Today I had my first lesson with Dr. Jung; it is really a lesson. He is immensely simple, and simply immense. He is kindly, understanding, and knowing. He asked me a few questions, age, etc. Looked earnestly at my face and hands, and then summed me all up, so that I could look at myself, as it were, and I could not say nay to a single detail. He said, "We have a lot to do but we must proceed carefully; otherwise, we might touch a hot spot, and it will burn."

I had a few of my recent dreams with me; he read them over, and without any further ado or questions—told me how my problems had been presented to me in the last few weeks. It's black magic. He speaks of the Unconscious as "the other side"—which gives me the same feeling I used to have when, as a little girl, I heard grown-ups speak of heaven. You feel at once that he has great respect for it, and is perfectly capable of entering into negotiations with the forces of its fury and feeling.

January 29th, 1933

. . . Dr. Jung said Friday that my unconscious was still back in New York, but he was not surprised. That will never do. He says I will have to manage to get it in Zürich, if he is to get in communication with it. Then I came home and dreamed that you [Mrs. Rey's husband] unexpectedly joined me, and took me in your arms. I never realized before, how little conscious control we have over that great unknown part of us.

One day we talked of Patricia [their daughter]. . . . I told him quite frankly that both you and I felt a tremendous responsibility for her attitude toward life; that we had both sincerely tried to face that responsibility, as best we could; after outlining her disposition, I asked him why she persisted in apparently doing the wrong thing. He said, "Well, why don't you let her do the wrong thing, as often as she likes?" I asked, "Isn't it my duty to guide her, as a mother?"

He said, "But you can't—no more than I can guide you. You come here to learn; I suggest so and so; or I say, to me it looks as if—but that's all that any human being can do for another. If you can't see it that way, what good have I done for you? Children have to make mistakes. My boy and I had a discussion one day; he wanted to do something which I thought was wrong; I told him so: and he said 'That may be all right, but I've got to do it my own way'—and I said 'right you are.'"

January, 1933

. . . During a seminar when the problem for discussion is unfolding, he walks up and down, and words of understanding come from him in a way that is only comparable with the variation and fertility of nature herself. To illustrate a point, he may guide you thru the intricacies of philosophy, quote events in history, or tell you a simple tale of two peasant women; but he is always clarifying and broadening the horizon. Or he will outline the mission of Christ on earth, so that its symbolism and meaning is reborn—and then suddenly, he becomes a learned Pharisee, and presents the viewpoint of the pious Jew of the day—and you are astounded you remember that men speak of the reconciliation of the opposites.

Occasionally, he will pause, and ask "How would you express that in psychological terms?" but on the whole it seems like a straightforward discussion of the problems of life. It gives you the feeling that you have just come from the lower school, where day after day you struggled with multiplication tables, rules, etc., and now you have been promoted, and the task of applying it all begins and that your ego is getting smaller and somehow or other the Self is getting larger.

When you go to him for a personal lesson, you go to his home in Küsnacht, by the lake. He sees you in his library, and you at once feel at home. One does not feel the slightest awe or hesitancy in his presence; his words are very simple, and are chosen with fine discrimination.

There you may express yourself without the least attempt to be technical—he is sure to understand just what you are saying. If you wish to express a psychological law, that is different—then you must be correct. He is so natural, and asks such simple questions that you meet the issue before you are aware of it.

His first question to me was "Why are you here, why have you come?" You know at once that it is no use to banally say "to study with you"—he is talking of motive. That is the way it works—you save a lot of idle words and time.

February 1st, 1933

. . . Dr. J. says "People are only too glad to jump out of their own skins, and into somebody else's. There is nobody who can say *this is your way*. Everybody wants to hear which is his way." He mentioned this in class to show that humanity had always taken the same view of life's difficulties. He stresses the individual's need and way, as opposed to all else, but emphasizes that no one can tell the individual what that way shall be.

Sunday, February 5th, 1933

. . . Am working on problem of opposites and there are indications of the appearance of my inferior function. These inferior fellows can be quite devilish—as indeed I have learned the superior ones can be too. But speaking of the inferior ones, Dr. J. says: "The least differentiated function is always the one from which our renewal starts; it is just the one that yields the renewal of life; when a person has used up his conscious point of view, he capsizes; the thing which never has lived is as green and as fresh as spring—it means a complete reversal of the whole personality."

So I am very patient with this particular inferior fellow—as I know he has a potentiality worth wooing.

February 8th, 1933

Do I expect to get back this summer? How I would like to know! I have only been working here three weeks but I gather from my teachers and associates that the question cannot be answered. One person might do in three months or six months what it takes someone else a year to do. One hears whispers that such and such a person has returned to their home, but that is all; why, or how far they have advanced in their work, etc. that is not discussed. In every respect, the group that is working here does not seem interested in personal details and that seems odd, when you think of it, they are all here to do the work from an intensive personal angle. Dr. Jung himself never mentions personalities. He discusses at great lengths the symbolism of religion, philosophy, science, art, and mythology, as it affects an individual psyche; he seems to have an inexhaustible memory from which to draw analogies from history, early civilization, or the latest novel of the day; but the details of his story never include the slightest reference to the habits, characteristics or personalities of the individual under discussion. It seems to be part of the technique of one's training. We soon come to understand that each one "makes an individual way;" no one can say or foretell what that way will be or how long it will take.

. . . We are taught that "nothing will remain forever; we must accustom ourselves to the idea that we are not going to find anything which is final and definite."

If you count on me to "stir you up" when I get back, forget it. I've learned that the other fellow must "make his way"—whatever that way may be, and I shall, I hope, have all I can do to make my way. All you can really expect is my love.

[Undated]
I am very fond of Miss Wolff, and enjoy my work with her. As Dr. Jung says—"she has a peculiar ability to stabilize an individual doing the work."

May, 1933
You think I'm bright. You should know how difficult the work has been for me. To establish a bridge to the unconscious and then be willing and ready to accept what comes across that bridge. That's a tussle.

Wednesday, June 21st, 1933
. . . Had my last lesson with Dr. Jung Monday at 5 to 6 p.m. and was dismissed with "go home and live it now. . . ."

Answering your letter: don't worry that I'm more advanced psychologically or otherwise than you are; that's the bunk. Dr. Jung says, "One cannot say that a change is for the better—one can only say that it's different." That covers it nicely; it expresses the way I feel.

I suppose I could express the finish by saying I did what I came here to do, namely—touch the hem of Dr. Jung's psychological garment—but it all seems so different now; I think I looked for a sort of spiritual baptism, which would insure protection and perfect understanding; instead it seems to me I have undertaken the tremendous responsibility of maintaining a standard of consciousness, which is most difficult. I can never turn back, but God knows the prospect ahead isn't easy either.

February 8th, 1933
. . . I can only thank God that I have the opportunity to learn, and understand what collectivity means and what it always has meant to humanity . . . Miss H is right when she says the patient (in Zürich) is in the hands of the ablest specialist; one feels like saying, "Come, see a man who told me all that I ever knew; is not this the savior?" That feeling melts rapidly in this psychologic atmosphere, where apparently some unseen influence has a balancing effect.

Everything seems much more impersonal about the work here. The first time I saw Miss W. I felt lost—such an impersonal attitude, such apparent indifference, but ah, that's where the seminar lessons come in. Doctor Jung shows you that the person who is really invulnerable must of necessity seem to the other fellow to be indifferent.

[Undated]
. . . We are taught to look *for* and *at* our negative characteristics—the less apparent they are, the harder to find and the more shocking to know. In order to face the individual problem, we are forced to objectify our individual unconscious contents but it is helpful to me to realize it's the same old problem from Adam and Eve; the same forces thrash every human soul and most of us try to solve a universal problem in our individual way. While our spark of consciousness approves the feeble effort, the great unconscious is daily massing her forces against our blind solution.

So I'm interested in those unconscious contents and when I get a glimpse of their symbolic meaning or former purpose, I am delighted. I look it over, and examine it from every angle, as I was recently forced to do when I said to one such fellow, "See here, I didn't know you were living in this house; but now that I know it, I must insist that you obey the rules of the home. No more underhand work on your part. I won't tolerate stealing here; if you feel that you are being badly treated come tell me about it and I will consider your complaint. Remember that many other instincts have to live in this house with you, and from now on all decisions will be made in the conscious living room."

That is a very satisfying way to meet unconscious instincts when I can, and is my infantile way of expressing a deplorable need to make unconscious contents conscious.

BALDWIN SAWYER

TWO ENCOUNTERS WITH CARL G. JUNG

It was summer 1948 when we first met C. G. Jung. Mother had been living in Zürich, and studying Jungian psychology since 1930. She was known as Carol Baumann, from her second marriage.

She introduced us to her circle of friends by giving a colorful costumed party for us in her apartment. The psychology club was not mentioned as I recall, but I believe her friends were members. Years later when reading Marie Louise von Franz's description of that club, I recognized the odd group who felt free to enjoy acting out repressed parts of themselves, and playing charades.

It was later in July that we were invited to the Jungs' home in Küsnacht for a Sunday afternoon tea. I have a photograph to help me recall him dressed in lederhosen shorts looking relaxed and hearty, very much living up to his name—a splendid senex to me, I was to think much later, after I met the term. There were swans on the lake beside the patio where we sat. It was Jung who told us then that swans could be mean-tempered and formidable assailants, quite capable of drowning a dog or even a man.

I asked Jung about Nazism, wanting to hear some words directly from him on the subject. He spoke of the direct evidence he had heard through the dreams of hundreds of German people, of a shift in the energies flowing in the German unconscious, reverting like a river to its old bed, toward the old Teutonic gods and their violent ways. I sensed no "apology for the Nazis" as was being charged in America, but rather a delineation of a tragic pathology in a national psyche. He went on to deplore what had happened to Europe following the rise in nationalism. When he was a boy if he wanted to wander through the many countries of Europe he merely hoisted his pack on his back and hiked on his way. No passports, no visas, no border

checkpoints! What a monstrous growth of restrictions and separations has come to threaten us all following the rise in nationalism.

Suddenly, I felt, Jung was addressing me directly, a changed tone in his voice. "I understand you worked on the atomic bomb project?"

"Yes that's right, I did."

"There's a question I've been wanting to ask."

"I'll do my best to answer," said I.

"What I want to know is, is it now possible to destroy the whole earth with one bomb?" For me, the teacups poised silently; the swans on Zürichsee paused.

"I will answer in two parts," I said. "If you mean, 'Could a bomb ignite chain reactions of fission that might spread, and lead to the explosion of all the earth?' the answer is no! Scientists studied and tested that question very carefully before beginning their first chain reaction experiments.

"But if you mean, 'Can a bomb be made capable of destroying all life on the surface of this earth?' the answer can only be yes! As only one example, I read recently of a Cobalt bomb concept, capable of releasing a large amount of radioactive Co60 into our atmosphere at high altitude. Winds could be expected to spread this material, eventually over the entire surface of the earth, covering it with a lethal layer of radioactivity."

Most of the teacups were still poised.

Jung sat focused, having listened closely to each word, absorbing. Suddenly he lifted his hands, and smote his left palm with his right fist, saying, "Good!" with finality. Somehow the subject was settled, and we never had any further explanation of what he may have meant.

Of course I have often reflected on Jung's question, my answers to it, and his response, which usually seems at first strange and enigmatic to people as they hear this story. Now I feel sure that it was a serious question, and he was seeking its answer to illuminate the potential meaning of the bomb that had exploded upon the world's consciousness two years before. I believe he was weighing an inner question something like this: "Could the atomic bomb present at last such a superior threat to all nations—all people—that we will have to pay it a different kind of attention from the old national

power politics to which we had become so accustomed? Could this new kind of threat be sufficient stimulus that we might manage different kinds of responses from the various forms of collective madness that weigh so heavily on our minds?"

It was in early December of 1957 that I saw C. G. Jung again. The purpose of my trip again was to visit Mother, but this time she was at Klinik Hirslanden, suffering the terminal effects of a heart attack.

Most of that week I had been on a fairly busy schedule, tending to a number of Mother's business details, and visiting her each day. She had covered most of the things I would need to know to act effectively for her as executor of her will. Now the week was over, it was a grey December Saturday afternoon, and I felt at odds with myself, with nothing left to do, alone in Mother's beautiful new house in Erlenbach.

As the early winter evening approached, abruptly, church bells began ringing, as they do on Saturday evenings in Zürich. More and more joined the chorus, until they were raising quite a din—not a cacophony; they were tuned to harmonize—but they made a loud sound together, many bells tolling at random rates, and at widely differing pitches, some quite high and others very deep indeed. The noise broke my funky mood, and I strode out of the house, down the mountainside, and off for a walk.

Approaching the Lake of Zürich I turned right, walked through the village and into Küsnacht, coming presently to the entrance of Dr. Jung's house, which was entirely dark in the freshly darkened evening. I hesitated, then knocked on the door, thinking there must be a reason I had come this way. Presently the housekeeper answered, and I enquired if Prof. Jung was in, saying who I was, and that I was not quite sure just why I was there. She looked somewhat doubtful, but said she would ask if he would see me, and soon returned to ask me into his office.

He invited me to the chair across his desk from him, and gave me a forty-five-minute interview. Our conversation went so easily and naturally that much of its significance to me passed me by, then. I knew full well that Carl Jung was very kind indeed to respond so readily with his time to my impulsive visit unannounced, and I felt no surprise when Mother told me so during my next visit with her.

We discussed Mother's present situation, naturally enough, and Jung reviewed it as he saw it, in the manner of a European physician speaking to the next of kin of someone in terminal illness. He was frank and honest. I knew of many of Mother's considerable achievements in several areas of Jungian study interest, and had reprints of several papers she wrote, so I knew her Jungian interest was strong. Now Jung told me that with her time running out at age fifty-nine, her progress was stopped before some goals were attained.

The meaning to me of the interview that Carl Jung granted me has grown through the years, partly no doubt, because in recent years I have become engrossed in Jungian studies myself, following the interest to which my mother exposed me years ago. But, more than that, I still feel moved by the choice Jung made to see me. He could easily, and quite appropriately, have turned me away without prejudice. Yet he chose to ask me in with simple acceptance and have a talk as one human being talks to another. I can only recognize now that I was a Telemachus, looking for a father's approval, and Carl Jung gave it to me in a simple direct way one December evening in 1957. To me he is a splendid senex figure with no Godlike pretensions, and the honesty and genuineness to let his humanity show.

DOROTHY SAWYER

MEMORY OF CARL AND EMMA JUNG

Less than a year after our wedding, Baldwin and I were on our way to visit Carol Baumann, his mother, in Zürich, Switzerland. It was the summer of 1948. On a student ship called the *Tabinta*, several fellow passengers openly envied us our probable opportunity to meet one of the century's great men, Carl Jung. When we were invited to a Sunday afternoon tea at the Jungs' house in Küsnacht, it was a good event among other good events. We were not making mental notes as though to record for posterity a Grand Moment. We simply lived it.

Only relatively recently did I realize that in our occasional retelling of that good time, we had almost completely omitted references to Emma Jung. While the clothes, postures, words and gestures of Carl Jung were vivid in our recountings, there were no details about Frau Jung at all. There actually were times when I asked myself or Baldwin: did I only imagine that she was there?

What we both now remember is a quiet woman, alert and aware but soft in manner, who was more of a presence than a visible performer. This fits her own description of herself as a person with a strong introverted sensation function—one who is present, taking it all in, recording everything in accurate and exquisite detail, but inwardly, with almost no outer evidence of the rich activity within.

With Carl Jung, however—what a difference! When he came out to where we waited for him on the terrace that day, he ARRIVED. Wearing shorts, smoking a pipe, he came out of the house with vigorous motion and sat, center stage, as though with a warm and friendly purpose. I was twenty-four, discovering new worlds with a man I had married only the previous year and whom I found very attractive and appealing. This other man sitting with us, fully at home in his energetic body full of intention, was really alive, too, fully present. He was, I thought, dynamic and virile, focused and aware. I liked his defying of the stereotypes of age; I liked his bare knees and his open readiness to attend to what we had to say.

At the times when we compared our separate impressions and mental notes with each other, Baldwin and I wondered at the many topics it was possible to cover easily in that short tea-time interlude. I think the intensity of that visit was evoked partly by a genuine, clean attention that Carl Jung gave to each subject of the conversation and to each of his guests. We, the young couple, had a secure feeling of being totally accepted, highly regarded, interesting people worth listening to. I think all of us there felt a little more alert and dramatic in his presence.

Carl Jung had clear opinions on every subject that arose, often bringing in additional subjects to amplify what we had already shared. We, the guests, said we were planning a trip "behind the iron curtain." Responding warmly, he told us of an idyllic, turn-of-the-century Europe when travel was easy and borders were only on maps. He spoke of a Europe where living was comfortable and secure for many, where international friendships had not yet been replaced

by a defensive nationalism which later closed borders and ended in massive bloodshed.

The Jungs' "pet" wild swan came to call, to beg for food. Jung informed us that it really had a vile temper, and that many swans were not as gentle as they looked. Baldwin's mother recalled a time when, painting near a lake, she heard but did not see some swans taking off from the water. This seemed a clumsy, difficult affair as the heavy bodies tried to lift. The feet and wings made a sound—clop, clop—a little like the hoofbeats of a horse. She thought of the Pegasus myth and wondered if it was started or at least reinforced by such common events.

In 1948, my degree in music composition was still new. A book had been published just recently on mathematics and music, with reference to a piece of music based on the contours of the New York City skyline. Did I think, Jung asked me, that human imagination might have to give way or be out-classed by mathematical creations? I thought carefully and said I hoped not, but I was not sure.

About that memorable moment when Jung said "Good!" in response to Baldwin's statement that humankind could indeed end all life on this planet: I prefer not to suppose or judge too definitely what he meant. I remember something like a sting of irony in his voice that said, to me, there was a possible mix of meanings. I thought there was something of the quality, in that tone, of man's craziness having gone so far that maybe it could be time to be done with it, and good riddance. But that does not preclude simultaneous other possible meanings.

If Jung's statements were attentive and emphatic, Emma Jung hardly spoke at all, except quietly with Baldwin's mother, in the background; or with other members of the household providing the gentle, hospitable touches that appeared with seeming effortlessness. I believe that this quietness was just her way of being. Her communications were all around, in the air, in the atmosphere, in the things of the environment. But this communication was not with words, outer motion or outward performing. With the perspective of over thirty years since that meeting, I can appreciate that our visit was what it was because of two people—Carl and Emma, too. If Jung seemed to evoke in us a sense of who we might really be, so, I believe, did she, in all the subtle realities of her just being there.

LUELLA SIBBALD

MEMORY OF TONI WOLFF

In 1948 I planned to go to Zürich to have some work with Miss Toni Wolff. As it got near the time to go, several people intimated to me that Miss Wolff was not too easy a person to work with, that she had a very high standard about her work and could be quite severe.

On the first morning I went a bit tentatively to my hour. Although Miss Wolff was a very serious person and could appear severe until she smiled, whether it was my feeling approach in contrast to her thinking, or not, we "clicked" immediately. I deeply appreciated her as a wise person, and I looked forward to every hour of our weeks together. She conveyed her great respect for the unconscious and did expect a person to spend time and energy on the inner work when working with her.

In one interview I told her that as a teenager and in early university years I was very interested in astrology, but people belittled it so emphatically I had buried the interest. She stated, "I think it is very important that you don't let early interests go underground." Within seven years I was working hard at it and astrology has continued to be an important part of my life.

With the Aquarian Age so near it has been a satisfaction to be able to understand more thoroughly what is expected of us to meet the challenge of this age. From a Greek myth I found a statement, "The son follows in the footsteps of God. The footsteps are the signs of the Zodiac. With every footstep the rituals and forms of religion must change." This may explain certain things which are happening now.

JUNE K. SINGER

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

I never saw him during his lifetime. I had begun my analytical training in Zürich just a few months before he died. On the day after his death, I was one of a few trainees who went sorrowfully to Küsnacht, to the lovely tree-shaded home on whose lintel were carved the words *Vocatus atque non vocatus, Deus aderit*. The front door was open. I went in and waited in the fabled library, now hushed. A woman I did not know motioned me toward the stairway, and I understood I was to go up alone. One door stood ajar in the upstairs hall. I entered the darkened room, lit only by two flickering candles in tall candlesticks on either side of the bed. There on the bed lay the waxen figure of the great man, so slender, so frail, seeming to be so small, almost transparent, peacefully at rest in his old-fashioned white nightshirt. A powerful presence pervaded the room and I stood there for a long moment, allowing the cool and glowing silence to penetrate my being. Then I turned and walked slowly down the stairs.

FREDERICK SPIEGELBERG

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

It was a colossal privilege for me to have been entitled to have several long talks with Jung.

In 1949, in Sikkim, I had discovered and acquired fourteen different types of Tibetan ghost traps, used for astrological, medical, and other reasons.

In Zürich I constructed a model of one of them. This ghost trap I brought to Dr. Jung, because I knew he would be very interested in it. That was in the year 1956. I brought it to him to his house in Küsnacht and he kept it, afterwards, in his tower, his big tower at Bollingen which is still in existence. Now this ghost trap that I built I took with me to the railroad station on my way to Jung's place, and while I was waiting for the train with this huge thing at my side a man walked by and lifted his hat as if in respect to this thing he considered as at least a personality of dignity. And then I talked to Dr. Jung and I told him this was one of my Tibetan ghost traps he'd heard about, and the first thing he said was, "Have you trapped any ghosts with it yet?" I said, "I'm very surprised, Dr. Jung, that you as a psychologist ask such a question because we came to talk about the fact that obviously I would not have trapped a ghost with this contraption in Zürich because if there are any ghosts, and there may be some in Zürich and around the Jung Institute, these ghosts would not be the same as the Tibetans are accustomed to and for which purpose these particular contraptions were built." But he was so interested in them and had many similar questions about their use and talked to me for a long time about somewhat related practices of village wizards in the Swiss villages, call "Strondel."

How many demons are there that can be trapped? Usually the answer is that there are about 50,000, but if you ask about it closer you find out that each Tibetan has his own 50,000. That makes quite a few billions! Dr. Jung and I talked about that. Why this enormous number? Because we are maybe brought up as monotheists, it's a good thing to put all good things into one pot and call it God or all the bad things in one pot and call it the Satan. Why so many? Dr. Jung was very much in favor of polytheism in this sense because he said that every situation calls for its own demon and for its own projection. It's much better if for every good occasion or for every bad occasion you have a separate angel and a separate ruling force that you can contact with instead of by mentalization to throw it all together in some abstract way.

One ghost trap was of special interest to Jung. I told him that it was used to counteract the evil consequences of great success. "Of course," said Jung, "You know, when somebody comes to me and boasts about the great success of his latest book I look deeply into his

eyes and say, 'I hope, my friend, that this success will not harm you too much.'"

The last one of our conversations, in 1960, centered around the question of the decay of myth and religion. To Jung's question, "What was your most recent publication about?" I answered: "Alchemy as a way to salvation, in which I showed that the intellectualization of alchemy by Paracelsus and Boehme meant the death of alchemy. Thereupon Jung said smilingly, "But I am an alchemist and I am not dead!" The following discussion centered about this subject matter. Jung, who had studied more medieval alchemy texts than anyone else, insisted that alchemy had not really died during the wrongly called "enlightenment," which relied one-sidedly on the material side of the exploration of Being.

In contrast to us, the alchemist did not feel body and soul as separated as we feel; the outside and the inside of his being were not antagonistic. If he faced a problem he went straight away down to his laboratory to find the solution by working with the materials of nature rather than to develop theories in his mind alone. The problem he experienced thus has an aspect of the cosmic cycle that could be solved only in harmony with All. His subconscious was not as subconscious as ours, his consciousness not so conscious. So Jung became an alchemist, a harmonizer and combiner.

You will understand therefore when today I walk into a Jung Institute I do not feel that I am approaching just another psychiatric clinic where a few hundred people are helped in their personal suffering, but I have distinctly the impression of entering an alchemical laboratory, where the treasures of the deep are lifted up to the level of awareness. Jung indeed was like a deep-sea fisherman who did not hesitate to touch, catch and accept the often beastly and dangerous, but also precious and wonderful essences that underlie our existence.

J. MARVIN SPIEGELMAN

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

My memories of Jung come from the period March, 1956, to March, 1959, during which I was a student at the Institute in Zürich. He was to be seen at least once or twice a year then, at a public or Institute lecture or at a seminar for the advanced students. At these events, times of great anticipation and excitement for us, Jung was much as he appears in the filmed interviews: alive, vital, intense, serious and attentive to all issues which were raised, yet full of good humor and laughter.

There were two moments during which he departed from those warming and awe-inspiring presentations, at one of which I was an unfortunate participator. The first moment was during a seminar for advanced students. One of our group had given Jung a number of paintings done by a patient in analysis and Jung was commenting on them. At one point, he came upon a painting of a missionary clergyman helping some African blacks. Jung got very angry and denounced those Europeans who went down to save perfectly happy and contented Africans who didn't need them. "We need these saints in Europe," said Jung, "to help us save ourselves!" The thinly veiled reference was probably to Schweitzer, but Jung's anger went way beyond some personal or individual criticism and was enormously heartfelt.

The second moment was at a lecture at the Institute. Jung opened up to questions of a general sort after his talk and I foolishly raised a question about the nature of the symbol. I had been having many conversations over the past months with a fellow-student who had very strong Freudian leanings and was trying to reconcile these with his Jungian views and interests. In those conversations, he often quarreled with Jung's view of the symbol. I told him to ask Jung himself, but when the time came at the public lecture, my friend

wisely kept his mouth shut. So I asked the question. Jung got just furious. He said, "You can find the answer to that in any book!" and went on to excoriate me for raising the question at all. Well, I was naturally mortified. I reddened deeply and sank into my chair as much as I could, which was not nearly enough. But I weathered the storm, inside and out, and took my bruised ego home to reflect. It turned out to be a good lesson for me. Since then, I have appreciated the importance of speaking for myself and not being a mouthpiece for views or reflections that were not my own.

But my more personal encounter with Jung came at the end of my stay, in March, 1959, when I went to him as part of my ritual of completing my work at the Institute. In my heart, I wanted to receive his blessing, just as I had received the blessing of my grandfather (who, in his middle nineties, was like an Old Testament prophet to me) when I went off to sea as a sailor in World War II. I was a bit gun-shy from my previous encounter with Jung and couldn't bring myself to ask for the blessing directly. I approached the interview, there at his home in Küsnacht, as a most special event indeed and my heart was thumping as I was ushered into the waiting room by the housekeeper. I was soon calmed, however, by seeing the bookcase filled with paperback American detective stories (my wife would like that, I thought) and a painting of a silly-looking grand potentate surrounded by foolishly adoring people. Jung was clearly trying to de-inflate people's images of him and I smiled and relaxed.

He came in shortly and brought me into his famous office, motioning me to sit down in a straw chair just inches from his own. He lit his pipe and looked at me expectantly. He seemed totally present. I was overwhelmed with this closeness, this total availability both physically and psychologically, and babbled something to the effect that my problems were pretty well taken care of by my analyst, but I wanted to see Jung before I left Zürich. He laughed easily and asked me how I liked the work. I responded that I was deeply moved and affected by it, and that his books had always been a source of great value for me, although some had been hard to read. He nodded and then laughed again, saying that they "had been hard to write."

We were both silent for a while, as if he were trying to sense really where my soul was, since I wasn't able to convey it to him. Then he began to speak, from out of himself somewhere. He spoke of his own

life, of his trips to Africa and India, of his own search for himself, of the claims of the individuation process, of the loneliness of it, and how he had been glad of someone's participation in it. He spoke of dreams he had, of one in particular that he had dreamt at Bollingen, where soldiers of the Middle Ages appeared. He delightedly said that Miss von Franz had independently had the same dream when she slept on that spot. Subsequently, he said, bones of just such soldiers were dug up there.

At another point, as he told a dream that he had in Africa, I made a slight face, hardly anything, but I didn't really agree with his interpretation. He stopped at once, looked deeply at me and said, "I don't understand it at all! What does it mean?" Jung was asking me to interpret his dream? My God!

Still later, he spoke of a patient of his from America and showed me some pictures she had painted (she had since died) which were very beautiful. The mandala lights were incredible, but those paintings done afterwards in America were much bleaker. He said, "Her light went out in America," and I sighed for that was exactly what I had feared might happen to me when I returned home. Then he laughed and said, "But it came on again!"

Throughout all this apparent soliloquy, I was totally present too and I had the experience, subsequently reported by others also, that Jung was "speaking to my condition," and addressing himself to all my problems, fears, concerns, and deep desires. Most of all, it was an experience of Self speaking to Self.

At the end—I don't know whether it was an hour or two—I left with great thanks and a handshake that expressed all that I could not. Without asking for it, I had received Jung's blessing. In the years since then, Jung has appeared now and then in dreams or fantasies. He was very much present once—together with my grandfather, of all things—when I even had to make a separation with the Jungian collective. We did a "hora" together. In all these dreams and fantasy encounters, Jung has always been supportive of my individuation, just as he was through my silence that special day in March, 1959.

SIGRID STRAUSS-KLOEBE

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

I would like to tell about three encounters with C. G. Jung.

I was present at the memorial address that Jung gave for his deceased friend Richard Wilhelm in May, 1930.

Jung spoke as one who was deeply moved, personally, and his words reflected the close ties he had with Wilhelm, both with the person and with his intellectual work. He spoke of the human and spiritual encounter with R. Wilhelm as of one of the most significant events of his life. He spoke of the grateful reverence he felt for this man and friend. He remembered his all embracing humanity, his greatness of heart which allowed him to divine "the whole," and which enabled him to bring to the torn-asunder soul of the West the gift of ancient Chinese wisdom of which we stand in great need. Jung also spoke of the stimulus and influence on his own work which was due to Wilhelm.

Every listener knew that this was a memorial like no other. Something numinous stood in the room.

I want to tell a funny memory I have of Jung in the year 1930. Jung had spoken in the largest auditorium at the Munich University on the subject of "Psychology and Literature." After the lecture, members of the Jungian circle met in the foyer of the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten in order to talk with Jung. In the course of the evening, Dr. Heyer brought Jung to our table where, besides my husband and myself, sat two ladies who had also been to the lecture, but whom I did not know. These ladies told Jung that they doubted that a high caliber artist would necessarily have a shadow as Jung had asserted in the lecture. Both women insisted that there were exceptions: in the presence of great personal differentiation they allowed no shadow. I remember one of them telling Jung: "But Johann Sebastian Bach!" Jung answered, "Be glad that you were not married to Johann Sebastian Bach!" Thereupon the other said: "But *you*, Herr Professor, you

are, after all, an exception!" Jung said nothing. The subject of conversation changed. A few minutes later, Jung leaned back in his chair and stared at two strange ladies who stood in the foyer very modishly got up and said with tiny narrowed eyes: "Now *those* ladies would interest me a lot!"

No reply from the two idolizers.

I experienced a very merry Jung on the occasion of an evening excursion of the members of the Zürich psychological club at the time of the Eranos conference of 1935 in Ascona. The group had gone to the high-lying village of Intrania for a rural supper.

Being from Germany I did not belong to the group, but a woman therapist, who was a friend of Jung's, had asked his permission to bring me along. (Jung knew me since I had worked with him analytically earlier in the year.)

At the long table with local wine and fish and a full moon rising, a practically Dionysian boisterousness set in, in which Jung was fully included. The full moon was greeted by Jung with solemn words. All intellectual and personal conversational gambits were spiked with symbolic and mythic puns. All this was couched in the Zürich Swiss-German dialect and I understood but little, yet simply could join in the general hilarity. Toni Wolff, who sat opposite me (next to Jung) and who noticed my language problem, occasionally rendered explanations.

For me that evening was the experience of a totally relaxed Jung, with a child's readiness for merriment.

M. I. RIX WEAVER

AN INTERVIEW WITH C. G. JUNG

On November 22, 1935, I visited Dr. Jung at his home in Küsnacht. Though I had met Jung and had listened to him speak, I looked forward to having a period with him alone. When I came to Zürich in 1931 to study at the C. G. Jung Institute, Jung no longer lectured students, but he did grant some personal interviews. I had

in mind as I walked down the Seestrasse to his home to discuss with him a dream which I had had. This was precious time allotted me and I wanted to waste no part of it.

I entered the house and sat awhile in a small room at the top of the stairs, waiting for Jung to invite me to his library. It was at this time his wife Emma was very ill and Dr. Jung went first to see her, then took me to his study. He put my coat on a rack near the doorway.

We sat at a window overlooking the Zürichsee. Tapestries and books filled the background as Jung leaned back in his chair and looked at me thoughtfully. I was the first Australian to come to the C. G. Jung Institute and I was probably the first to visit him, for he said, after we had spoken about his birthday celebrations at which I had taken a photo of him which he liked, "Coming from Australia as you do, should you not have some sort of accent as the Americans do?" I told him then a yarn about the much maligned Australian accent and he laughed heartily. Another time he spoke of Australia as Ultima Thule.

Then came the time for a more serious talk and Jung asked me if there was something I wanted to ask of him. All thoughts of dreams left me and my question surprised me, appearing, as it seemed, of its own accord. "What," I said, "is the difference between me and that table?" In the company of the great man it seemed as if I was aware on a different level of the oneness of all things. Perhaps I was experiencing something grasped intellectually before. Perhaps like the French writer Colette who, when she saw Walt Disney's *Living Desert* said, "We are one creature."

Jung, however, leaned forward and tapped the table with his middle finger and said "We are of the same substance as that table. Our discrimination, the 'I' awareness is the difference. The difference is the consciousness God has spent millions of years to bring about. Look how He experimented with the dinosaurus, for instance, after it came from the sea and had to develop a brain.

"Development continued. Primitive man, the anthropoid from which we sprang gradually acquired consciousness, though real consciousness, as we know it, commenced with the beginning of written history. For all that, only a handful are conscious today. Even people like Einstein did not believe the Creator played a game of chance, but that is exactly how it all happened—growth.

"Consciousness itself is a growing thing. However conscious we seem, our abysmal unconsciousness is alarming. Every day I know I am unconscious. I see in people that which is not there—or the other way round. It is a duty to withdraw and question ourselves. It is a duty to say to ourselves, 'That is a table and how much of it do I perceive? Do I perceive it wholly?' Of people we have to say, 'This is a human being, how much do I see?' And the same with our psyche—stand off and be critical of its contents. It is only from our realizing unconsciousness that consciousness expands. It gives meaning to life to know that everything added to consciousness is a step forward of the creator. This is our human work. I am not afraid of communism; I am afraid of unconsciousness and of modern science. I am afraid of America which educates its children away from being individuals into being mass-educated people. These are the Marxists without knowing it. Russia is masculine and America feminine. They are natural opposites. With their so-called science, America plays into the hands of Marxism.

"You see, that is our real problem—the collective shadow. The atom bomb is in the hands of unconscious people. It is like giving a baby a kilo of gelignite, it eventually blows itself up.

"There *is* no science. There is no cause. There is a growing something in which the Creator seeks to become conscious. If the Creator had had a causal idea, He would have made man for this and animal for that in a certain way, and in their completeness, and things would have been sterile. Nothing could have happened, life would have had no meaning. It is the fact that consciousness grows which gives life its meaning. When you rely on modern science, on cause and effect, and you take away individuality, you take God out of the world, that is the anti-Christ. Take a riverbed, for instance, mark off a square of it after stopping the flow of the water, and then measure the stones. Science will say this riverbed has stones of three inches in diameter. Then the water flows over again, but some day there comes along someone who sees a boulder or a grain of sand and it does away with the whole concept. Tell a modern scientist that his proposition is only so far true, and he laughs. He says the boulder and the grain of sand are the exceptions, but just *therein* is the point. There is *not* a rule.

"The Creator never meant it like that. Somewhere evil has got in and put things into 'cause' and into 'science.' But what scientists miss is that *they themselves* observe and we are so unconscious that what appears real we find is not as we thought. That is why I say, 'Be conscious.' That is the thing than can, if only sufficient are conscious, save us from sterility and this threat of complete destruction. Destruction would be a pity. Life is worth living. Today's world has taken millions of years for its achievements and there is happiness and interest in living. We have children and grandchildren and even if we don't believe in immortality for ourselves, we can believe in the right to live of future people. *This* is today's calamity—the collective shadow, the general unconsciousness while those who are conscious are like a handful of salt in all this. There are people who believe that the few who are conscious can hold the world against annihilation, but I am afraid of the terrific power of general unconsciousness. People say to me: Alchemy is very interesting, but you give no proof. Why the whole book *is* a proof! It has been thought! It is an example! Thoughts are real, they are the consciousness. People can't see that. Einstein could not. Take your realization into your daily life. Test it and every test widens it. That is indeed your contribution to this overwhelming unconsciousness we see all around us. We can only hope it is the little leaven.

"It is said that the shadow is my [Jung's] concept. *I* did not make the shadow, it is a fact. Man has a shadow, this is not a concept. Nor are the archetypes concepts, they are facts which we can prove. They have nothing to do with me, they were already there. Once I met a normal man. He had a home, a family, a practice. He was interested in hypnosis and came to me for analysis. Then to my horror he had a latent psychosis, which broke out immediately the unconscious was touched. I tell you I was scared. I got him right in three weeks. Then I said to that man: Now you have learned a lot, and you'd better leave it alone. And he went back and has not touched psychology since. What I fear greatly and suspect greatly is normality. That is something people are trained to. It is like a tight lid. That is why I am afraid of the psychologists of today who have the idea of universal validity. That which is paradoxical is sent underground, so they attempt a normality which is sterile. People must know they are in

conflict. They must be able to carry the conflict. That is consciousness. They must stand between that which is in opposition. You see I cannot sit on any stool. The theologians think I attack God and the scientists think me unscientific. I have no theory. A theory kills and stultifies. One has to look at things as they come. Now let us look again at that table. How conscious is one of it? If you commence to begin to realize you are overwhelmed by your unconsciousness. Do you know the pattern on the other side? Do you know all of that table—the tree, the thoughts of workers (for it is also man's thoughts), the hopes, the aims etc. Do you begin to know? One has to say: When I hear, do I hear? When I see, do I see? When I touch, how much do I feel? If I touch this chair, it is not the touch in itself which tells me, it has to come back to me in order that I recognize. Only then can I send out recognition. Consciousness is seated in the brain. (Psychoid) It is subjective. When I was in Africa and went alone to a place where there was a valley of wild animals which no-one knew about, I suddenly thought, 'Only I know.' It is necessary in order that they exist for someone to know. Each of these animals is of the Creator. Each is the same stuff as I. And yet I had to know it. You see it was a new world. There are so many new worlds and only an extension of consciousness brings them into existence. That table is a world.

"In a world which demands normality people are afraid of a vision. These days it belongs to the lunatic asylum. The production of 'mass' men kills life and obstructs consciousness. As I said, if God had been conscious and had created the finished article, there would have been nothing more to do, there would have been no development, and people would be just that and nothing more. But we see it is not so, and that every time we add to our own consciousness it is the growing consciousness of the Creator. That gives real meaning to life, makes it interesting and worth while. Life is worth while and that is why I do not want to see it destroyed by great masses of unconsciousness.

"I have a book here written by a chemical scientist on alchemy. Not once does the word 'Conjunctionis' appear. He has seen alchemy as the basis of chemistry, but because the conjunctionis appears symbolically as male and female, sun and moon, he missed the important point—the union, the fusion of substances which is the basis of chemistry, because it was put in a way which his actual thinking could not understand and so he cast it out as dross, thereby missing the essence. People are profoundly unconscious.

"The body, mind, world, are all one substance, but consciousness demands of us: I am this. I am of the whole God, but not the whole. God exists in that we are conscious. How would I know I am a man if I saw no other man. Separateness is consciousness, but that separateness can only come after conscious recognition of the oneness, otherwise it is participation mystique and unconsciousness."

Jung was called away at that point and I waited quite awhile. When he returned there was a change. He told me the doctor had just called and that his dear wife would not recover. I offered to leave but he bade me stay. He then sat a little longer to speak. This time he said that life has to be lived fully. One has to live what one is, utilize one's potential. He spoke of his wife's life and its completeness, then added, "Death is a drawing together of two worlds, not an end. We are the bridge."

I did not see Jung again until the funeral of Mrs. Jung. Through the years those last words have stayed with me. Surely we are the bridge in so many ways. And as Jung had pointed out, it is necessary to strengthen that bridge by our own lives.

I believe it was largely that day's talk with Jung and a dream I had later in which he held up a stick and said, "Eternity stands upright," that led to my ultimate interest in microphysics—that discipline added to Jung's concepts opened for me doorways to deep understanding, even consciousness, to knowledge that was ancient and new and meaningful beyond words.

JANE WHEELWRIGHT

JUNG

People who never knew Jung wonder what he was like. And it is not surprising, considering the enormous impact his writings now have and how much they help towards a logical solution to our collective dilemma. His conclusions accepting and including our primitive origins link mythological thinking to Western modern scientific objectivity and discipline. They have thus connected many of us to our cultural roots from which we have been dangerously estranged. Conversant with all religious beliefs, but never having to superimpose any one of them on to our own heritage, Jung maintained our Western integrity. He enriched and amplified and verified our roots and course of historical development by searching out worldwide human common denominators lying in the deepest unconscious religious strata of the human psyche. It is no wonder that more and more people are asking what he was like and more often than not wanting to be assured of his humanity. With too much hearsay and adulation since his death, he seems to many who also must go the individual route, out of reach. These are the people who must descend to their psychological depths where human common roots like to find their way, renewed and creative, back to humanity. He, nevertheless, as a man, if people only knew it, still stands as a model for them in their efforts to cope with a sense of the meaninglessness of their lives. For this reason it might be helpful to share, out of personal observations, what I knew about Jung in the early thirties when we were in Zürich, when he was a controversial figure in a Freudian-dominated psychological world and therefore easier to see.

If possible I would like to convey to those who became aware of him after his death his complexity, breadth and humanness. I would like to indicate the fantastic spiritual heights he reached as well as the earthly solid rock foundation within him that he stood on. Possibly the following general impressions and vignettes will help to convey what a broad cosmic horizon his was. I can only hope so.

Jung was a mountain of a man—big enough to encompass every kind of person imaginable. All kinds of people big and small found through him their uniqueness. He touched all kinds of people who came his way. Sometimes it was through what he inadvertently said—more often than not something he would not remember. Sometimes it was what he did. Mostly it was what he was: a comprehensive, large, all-embracing, complete man. He spanned in himself everything from greatness and power to all-too-human failings. He could be irritable and sometimes downright demanding. Explosions of rage were not uncommon. He even could be duped at times by unscrupulous, ambitious people. Sometimes he seemed to be reduced to human ordinariness. At other times he seemed to expand—to literally physically expand—to overpowering size. I remember once experiencing him like this. I must have betrayed my feeling that he was beyond my reach because he said out of the blue, "Do I have horns on my head?" Jung was able to constellate the unconscious of countless numbers and kinds of people. It was an extraordinary gift that he had. All of us who were, for whatever reason, within his orbit were inevitably stirred. I cannot see how it could be otherwise for many others, because most of us did our personal analysis with him and knew him in that role. In fact I believe he was also at his best as an analyst. He seemed to find the social life difficult. He had no small talk. I remember him saying with a sigh when he was already in his late seventies: "I still have to go out to dinner and my son-in-law will take me there." It sounded like one more task that had to be done. Jung in his autobiography inadvertently accounts for his magic influence in descriptions of his encounters with the collective unconscious. Having been there himself, he became a bridge for those around him to their own experience of the collective unconscious. In fact he was rooted in the collective where all humanity meets—one foot planted there, the other in the outer world. Something was always happening or seeming to happen because of Jung. The air was alive; impressive dreams to all sorts of people appeared; coincidences that ordinarily would not happen happened. Unknown depths were stirred, electrifying the atmosphere. Everything, even small incidents suddenly took on big meaning when he

was around. It was a charged atmosphere. Sometimes it was overbearingly so and some people behaved monstrously because of it. Women fought each other to get close to him and men railed against him because of imagined neglect. After his death, von Franz said: "There's no excitement around here anymore."

The miraculous became an everyday occurrence in Zürich around Jung. That was the feeling one got. It was, however, a subjective reaction that was not always shared by outsiders. In fact for some of them there was sometimes an aura of cultism. I felt that when I first arrived in Zürich and quickly became rebellious. Yet, once within the magic circle, unexpected vistas were opened. I had come to Zürich, like others before me, stuck in a kind of modern hopelessness and isolation and two-dimensional ordinariness that seemed inevitable. Then, suddenly in Zürich, at last, there was life—even though at times it was expressed in strange, sometimes weird, ways.

Later, Jung showed in his autobiography that his life had always been a lonely affair. Observing him in Zürich, surrounded by people, it was nevertheless clear he was going it alone. He contained the others who crowded around him, but there was no one to contain him. He must have been on the lookout for people to share his loneliness because, when he contacted you he made you feel you just might be that one. So towering a personality seeking an equivalent personality made it a heady business. It was an unforgettable experience to have someone of such force come at you like that. And how you wished you could provide what he seemed to seek. There you were with all the doors opened to you and sooner or later, instead, you would be another transference casualty. You, because of your inadequacy, forced him, once more, into the role of container. His breadth and depth were beyond anything most of us would ever have experienced had he not been a physician who took on all comers. He was not, by the way, one of the famous who associated only with the famous. His inspiration came not only from out of himself and his studies but from those, no matter how unknown, who were also seeking.

Zürich is a small town, which made encounters with others not unusual, so I caught many glimpses of Jung living other sides of his nature. I saw him on a number of occasions driving his American car at what seemed beyond all speeding limits—charging down the

street and out of sight in no time. I saw him at other times walking along the street with the *Zürcher Zeitig* stuffed clumsily into his coat pocket. He always read the newspaper he said. It kept him connected with the collective—the conscious collective—which must have been a necessary balance to the depths he lived in so much of the time. Once he was Christmas shopping with Toni Wolff. Being so small and he so large, she had to pop up beside him and almost push him aside to declare herself there too. At a Psychology Club party a group of Swiss men had edged off to one corner of the room. All of a sudden Jung, gesticulating, hollered like a Swiss cowherd. He was whooping it up, making a big noise, creating a commotion. It seemed to me, although I might have projected my own reluctance, that it was his way of standing the party.

At a Thanksgiving celebration organized by the Americans, the men were asked to entertain the guests with speeches. Passing through Zürich on his way home from a visit to Russia, a young idealistic college student found his way to our party. He had been listening to the bourgeois humor when suddenly he stood up and looking straight at Jung said: "The trouble is you are not conscious." But as luck or the devil or the Trickster would have it, he did not explain he meant class consciousness—the going expression for communism those days. I sat directly opposite Jung near enough to hear him say out of the side of his mouth: "See you." It was as though this young man had been willy-nilly drawn into Jung's circle and was, without noticing what had touched him, struggling not to be like the others who had swooned at the feet of the master—especially in so capitalist a place as Zürich. Besides, Jung's comments deploring mass movements and dictatorships that threatened the freedom of the individual, were well-known.

At times Jung's concern for the individual was touching. It did not matter of what color, class, condition, the person was, nor how educated. It did not matter from where he came if he was true to himself and sincere in his own quest.

I remember Jung's excitement when a clerk from some humble office from our anonymous Midwest, having saved up enough money, got himself to Zürich to see Jung. He had questions about Jung's writings and he needed to know more. Jung gave him an appointment immediately and at a time he had already been turning

people away for lack of time. He obviously admired this little man and wanted to honor him. Perhaps he had found another loner with courage and independence and determination even though on a humble level? It was a sight to see this great man so touched and flattered and happy that so little a man had sought him out. On other occasions Jung could be harsh, and, at times, it seemed, heartless. He may have had his legitimate reasons, but it was hard to know. There was, for instance, a woman who had been analysing for years in preparation for analysis with him. The day came when he would take her on. She was overcome in anticipation or by his presence. For whatever reason, she melted into tears. This went on for every appointment for a considerable length of time. He coped with her dissolved state by reading the newspaper.

A friend of mine told me Jung talked forty-five minutes out of her hour. He apparently took an interest in the issues brought up and she was a rather receptive type. She found him, however, helpful in this hour. Behavior like this certainly does not fit the analytical stereotype as we know it!

Still another woman I knew told me she went to an enormous effort to write a play as homework for her analysis. She finally proudly presented it to him. He handed it back without reading it. He must have rebelled at her slavish effort to please him. And as far as I know she never wrote again. This incident belies the Zürich tradition that he apparently subscribed to, namely, that women have to live through men. Times like these, and there were others, made me sense that Jung, although a product of the patriarchal society, had somewhere in him an instinctual sense that women need to be independent of men as well as related to them. Some clever woman, had there been one in his orbit, might have brought out of him this realization.

Another incident was when the government officials of Jung's home town Küsnacht, a suburb of Zürich, asked him to speak to them. In all the years he lived there it was the first time they had officially recognized him. He dropped his practice, closed his doors and went into a long preparation for the speech he would give to these unpsychological people. He had been honored or so he felt that he must prepare for them as he had not prepared for the most sophisticated audience. His excitement was aroused, he was challenged as

he had seldom been challenged and he appeared to be happy. That was long ago, but the incident sticks in my memory as vividly as when it happened.

Every Wednesday, after the seminars in which Jung tried out his new and yet unpublished ideas, he took off down the street with a bevy of females in tow. One of the women, a very pretty society lady Jung tried in vain to help find herself, usually hooked her arm into his. She called him "Uncle C. G." The plainer ladies (obviously hating the pretty one) and a few men (there were always many more ladies than men around him) were shier, following at a more respectful distance. All of them were on their way to a coffee place where he would continue psychological discussions.

In the seminars, one large, ample, fearsome lady put coat, umbrella, hat, on chairs in the front row, tacitly daring anyone to sit there. Another good-looking lady sat in her usual seat which no other person ever tried to commandeer. She always knew the answers to Jung's pointed questions. She knew often before he did what he was going to say. He could be embarrassed by her on rare occasions. She relished that and let it be known she was on the inside track. She was the wife of a personal friend of his. An heir apparent did not last long. While in favor he sat conspicuously in the rear of the room—not needing to be up front—he knew all "that stuff" anyhow. He was not like us who had only just discovered the bonanza.

Some years later the A.P.C. in London organized a lecture for Jung. The hall was overrun by an unexpectedly large audience making the profits more than we dreamed they could be. We had settled with Jung for his fee. After the lecture he came to us as we were gloating over our spoils and said quite blandly, "And where do I come in?" He was right, of course, but I was taken aback. Somehow he should have been above or outside of money. I did not know then what I know now about the Swiss: that it is one place their down-to-earthness is always demonstrated. Jung was no exception. He could also be unusually generous. He told Joe and me, for instance, we could pay him when we were rich. He knew at what sacrifice we came to Zürich.

One brief reference to Jung's home might help to describe him a little. Guarding the house and making it even less hospitable was Jung's schnauzer, a rather disagreeable dog, that always escorted one

stiffly to the equally stiff front door. The house is a formal, typically bourgeois Swiss structure and it was where he saw his patients. It had that same closed-up, off-limits look of the well-to-do Swiss homes everywhere. Swiss towns are not hospitable. In fact it is customary to expect the newcomer to Switzerland to make the first social gesture. Jung had warned me that people who are close to the unconscious must look out for his dog. The dog had a habit of biting such people. I was deep in the unconscious, as everyone else around Jung was, but somehow the dog was my friend. Leading me straight to Jung's study, he seemed to be conducting me on a tour of inspection.

On entering his study Jung amiably called it "the chamber of horrors." The little room was a clutter of stacked unread letters, notes in his handwriting, all kinds of papers, and books opened to special places. Some esoteric or Eastern or strange objects were around the room. In the middle of the clutter was a rather worn, overstuffed, slightly floundering leather chair. It was for the patient. The room had a look of hard, casual use and comfort. It was a private, warm, but small nest for a large man whose cultural and intellectual curiosity and quests knew no limits. The dog was part of it. He climbed in under Jung's desk, eyeing me, then came out to my outstretched hand. In this strange place and in the presence of an overpowering strange man, I found the dog my ally. Jung tried to drive him off with a harsh "Shss," probably fearing he might bite me, but I kept my contact with him and soon Jung seemed to understand.

It was hard going with Jung because, once in his presence, one felt as though all the surrounding matter had turned into whizzing molecules. Everything there seemed to be moving, melting, changing forms. Everything stirred. Reality blurred, conversation happened unplanned. I felt someone, not me, spoke through me and someone not Jung was speaking through him. There was also the feeling of being swept into the depths to a perilous, dangerous underworld but since Jung had descended into this strange world and emerged so could I. In his presence I did not register on the difference of our statures! An archetype had taken over? Whatever it was, it seemed to be creating before my eyes and ears and senses a model of the changed person I was meant to finally become. Trying the new me on me, so to speak. Equally strange was Jung. Instead of being the doctor who cures you, he was allowing himself to be equally affected. He made a comment that seemed to come from somewhere far away: "You are a difficult person," he said and I heard myself from equally far away say to him, "You are not so easy yourself." I was not disrespectful, although almost exactly half his age. I was, instead, conveying something that was implicit in the situation and acceptable to him. (I did not know that, because I had a twin brother who psychologically featured more prominently in my life than my parents, I had projected the twin image onto Jung.) Two people were caught in a vice that was forcing them to undergo an important rearrangement of themselves that had a significance—some meaning far beyond them. It was an order from out there somewhere. "So you're in the soup too," had been one of Jung's opening remarks—(he loved American slang and I was now experiencing in no uncertain terms what he meant.) And like other patients, I was told later, I was convinced Jung had blue eyes instead of the beady black eyes he actually had.

Jung's willingness to expose himself to the unknown, as this incident shows, was to my mind his genius and the foundation of Jungian analysis. The confrontation was what mattered, especially the emotion that connects the psyche and the soma engendered by it.

In my first appointment with Jung he asked me what my attitude towards him was. I said he would be a catalyst for me. I had read Jung and I was painfully aware of the people around him who had become hopelessly enmeshed in his aura and who seemed to have lost their identity in the sticky, gluey substance of the transference. I was bound not to be one of these. He agreed with me that would be his role. But not long afterwards I heard him say in a gently pleading way from deep down in his humanity, "Can't you see me as a human being?" It was then my objectivity collapsed. I would let myself in for whatever would happen, and the give-and-take between us was launched. Needless to say, the analysis in the long run established that new attitude and new insight and sense of myself that has remained the core of my being to this day. It also convinced me of the importance of a real relationship in the analytical hour. Outside of his study Jung was formal and polite.

I read recently Gerhardt Adler's account of his first appointment with Jung and how the memory of it to this day stayed with him. Jung's concrete approach, emphasizing so vividly the reality of the

psyche, is what impressed him. My experience of Jung's concrete approach, apart from presenting himself as a person, not a doctor, came in an incident early in the analysis. I had confessed to Jung I feared insanity, a common feeling when one is close to the collective. It had been a secret fear. He made a grab in the air towards me with both hands as if catching a football and then hugging it to himself said, "Now I have it and you will not fear any longer." As I remember it the fear disappeared at that moment.

I did not consider myself picked out by Jung for any special treatment. I am certain that most of his patients had the same experience. I was fortunate, however, in having what he called the primitive and modern split that he was in 1935 studying. Had I not had the split, he would not have taken me on because, as he said, he was bored with young people. He had already lived too much of his own youth. He was interested, instead, in those who had entered the second half of life, where he was. (This was also Jung's great contribution. He had the courage to frankly admit he was interested only in people who were also able to contribute to his own concerns.) Incidentally, others with the primitive and modern split also found their way to Jung. Mine had been caused by an identification with nature in a wilderness area in a part of the world where not even an Indian culture survived to mitigate its potency. On top of this I was sent to sophisticated schools and colleges as my introduction to civilization. Somehow I felt I must make a quantum leap from the social level of stone age woman to the twentieth century, and Jung could help me. It was sheer luck that I appeared on his doorstep in that phase of his life.

Jung was definitely the patriarch and was paternalistic. His very physical dimension promoted such a role. But I feel, because of his discovery of his anima and his enormous popularity with women, as well as getting support for his new radical ideas from them, especially American women, he, at least theoretically, wanted women to improve their lot and make their legitimate way into the professions. He was not, however, altogether convincing in his behavior. When I encountered him about the first appointment he said he would discuss the time and day with my husband. I said "What about me?" with the usual American indignation. He said rather clumsily "That will come later." I give this episode only because it shows him in his

spontaneity referring to the man as the controller of a woman's fate. But because of my work with him and the momentum it engendered, I found in the long run my true female independence. Besides, I could also, finally, thanks to him, outgrow any total dependence on his ideas and develop some of my own.

Studying Jung's ideas, I find him always theoretically standing for a woman's independence. Her individuation really means that. Once I heard him say the femme à l'homme has a very hard time in old age. And in his writings it is clear individuation certainly means independence in the objective sense, but, necessarily, also through relationships—preferably a long-term relationship. But to make that possible, as I see it, a woman must be independent of the man. At any rate, with the help of Jung's ideas about animus and anima it was possible to reconcile, at least to myself, the modern woman's movement and on the whole approve of it. Jung seemed to say that the new era can come through only by means of the feminine principle (through Eros) and that is not only in the man's experience of his anima. It obviously has to come primarily through women. No man's anima can compare to a real flesh-and-blood woman. It can, however, give the man some respect and belief and liking and trust in women that can help forward the movement.

On this note I would like to end, because it refers to Jung's farsightedness and to his specific contribution to the future. Without it I feel there would be far more delay in the understanding of women. It also is another example of how Jung's broad vision did in the long run constellate for me specifically my need to strive towards being a free modern woman with my roots planted deeply in the soil of archaic woman.

The more Jung's concepts of the animus and anima are understood and the more Jung's insistence on the conscious realization of these concepts, the sooner the woman's movement will bring about the necessary changes in our society. At least I think so. I wish therefore to honor Jung as having made an enormous contribution to this next step in our social evolution.

JOSEPH WHEELWRIGHT

A SALUTE TO TONI WOLFF

For many years I have managed to work into my speeches—and many personal communications—that Toni Wolff was the best analyst I ever had. She has had formidable competition. The others who have tinkered with my psyche have been Jung, Peter Baynes and Erna Rosenbaum, Elizabeth Whitney and Joe Henderson. I could justify this galaxy of analysts but will desist at this time.

It has not been easy to spell out my gratitude and appreciation for her ministrations. First and foremost she was a very superior woman and, though she was an accomplished analyst, she never identified with this persona—she was always herself. With me she was, by virtue of her experience and personal development, an authority. But at the same time she related to me as though we were equal as human beings. Another pair of opposites that she contained was being a tough mother (she was twenty years older than me) when indicated, and at other times a supportive mother who believed in me. Finally, I felt a profound sense of intimacy with her.

In 1951 I returned to Zürich for the first time in twelve years. I had been working desperately hard and, as happens to analysts from time to time, been pushed to my extreme limits as a person, in order to match patients who were as, or more, developed than I was. This strain, as well as other things, plunged me into a deep depression. I took a three-month leave of absence and went to Toni like a homing pigeon. I sat down in her consulting room, took one look at her, sitting with her feet on the pillow that she used as a footstool, and her long fingers holding her long cigarette holder, and burst into uncontrollable sobbing. After about ten minutes I got some control of myself, and in a gentle but firm voice she asked, "What is it"? I blurted out: "I am a patient," and began to cry again. But by the

time the hour was over, I felt the stirring of new life and the feeling that I had turned the corner and was going to rejoin the human race.

Her last years were not easy as, after the formation of the Zürich Institute in 1948, she was no longer the leading figure in the analytic community. But to the end she staunchly continued to give of herself to many men and women. Her death in 1953 was merciful. She died in her sleep, presumably from a heart attack.

RABBI DAVID ZELLER

IT FURTHERS ONE TO SEE THE GREAT MAN

Growing up in a house with Jung's picture in most every room, and living in Switzerland with my parents—they in analysis and classes at the Institute, I and my sister in boarding schools in the Alps—this was my opportunity to meet the great man.

I wrote a very serious eleven-year-old's letter asking to meet him, and got an answer from his secretary that reached out, tousled my hair, and said Jung was very busy.

Then, a breakthrough: the tenth anniversary of the Institute. HE would be there, and Barbara Hannah, my mother's analyst, was driving him. She would tell him who I was, and that I was waiting for him out front. The day came, I had a fever, but I braved the journey by streetcar and waited in the rain for his arrival.

The car pulled up, and out bounced a huge man whom I had only known from the neck up in photographs. He came up to me and said, "So you're Max Zeller's son!" I said, "I've heard so much about you. I've really been looking forward to meeting you. . . ." He smiled, opened his arms out wide and said, "Well, what do you think?" I was speechless (very rare even at that young age) from my first "Zen experience." Jung's unpretentiousness, his humor and his humanness have remained with me, and indeed, have furthered me. And though I can now claim that Jung consulted me, wanting to know what I think, I'm still formulating my answer.

MAX ZELLER

MEMORY OF C. G. JUNG

When I was in Zürich in 1949, the first time after the war, I was terribly occupied with the question, "What am I doing as an analyst?" With the overwhelming problems in the world, to see twenty or twenty-five patients, that's nothing. What are we doing, all of us?

I stayed in Zürich about three months and saw Jung quite a number of times. Then I had to return to Los Angeles, and the last hour with him came. The evening before, there was a great feast, a celebration of students and faculty from the Institute at an elegant Swiss hotel. Every single analyst was made fun of in the most incredible way. We laughed and howled. Meier was there, and he got quite a load to carry. Then they took on Mrs. Jung and she got her share. When they were all through Jung said, "But where am *I*? What is the matter with you? You don't dare to tease me that way? That's awful!" That was the night before I had my last appointment, and it went on late into the night.

The next day I came to Jung with the material I had prepared, and Jung said to me, "We have time, I've all morning." He took me into the garden, and there was a bench, and he sat beside me and we talked, and talked, and talked, and I told him about this and that.

When the time was up I took the train, and as I sat in the train I suddenly thought, "My God!" The night before I had had a dream, and I should have started with it but never even told it to him. I went right then to the post office and wrote:

> Dear Dr. Jung, I forgot totally to tell you the dream of last night and I think it is very important. And no matter what, I want you to know it at least, because I am occupied with it anyway.

Well, the next morning, my last day there, I got a call from Jung's secretary right after the mail was delivered at eight o'clock. She

wanted to know if I wanted to see him. Well! Of course I wanted to see him, so I went out for the very last time to Küsnacht. And this was my dream:

A temple of vast dimensions was in the process of being built. As far as I could see—ahead, behind, right and left—there were incredible numbers of people building on gigantic pillars. I, too, was building on a pillar. The whole building process was in its very first beginnings, but the foundation was already there, the rest of the building was starting to go up, and I and many others were working on it.

Jung said, "Ja, you know, that is the temple we all build on. We don't know the people because, believe me, they build in India and China and in Russia and all over the world. That is the new religion. You know how long it will take until it is built?"

I said, "How should I know? Do you know?" He said "I know." I asked how long it will take. He said, "About six hundred years."

"Where do you know this from?" I asked. He said, "From dreams. From other people's dreams and from my own. This new religion will come together as far as we can see."

And then I could say goodbye. There was the answer to my question what we, as analysts, are doing.

There is not an analyst who doesn't experience it. We work with a person, and there is a critical family situation, or difficulties here and there, and as this individual works, what he or she does spreads. It has a much greater effect than we think. It is not as it looks from the outside, that we sit in a narrow cubbyhole, because the material we work with transforms. It transforms us and we, being touched, touch other people without even talking about it.

It is like the story of the rainmaker. Jung loved to tell that story as often as anyone wanted to hear it. The group around Jung would be having dinner together, and Jung would say, "I have to tell you a story, the story of the rainmaker. Did you ever hear it?" And everyone would shout, "No! We never heard it!" And then he would tell the story. It is not a Just So story. It was reported to Richard Wilhelm who experienced the drought in China and the coming of the rainmaker. He saw it with his own eyes.

It is this: there was a drought in a village in China. They sent for a rainmaker who was known to live in the farthest corner of the country, far away. Of course that would be so, because we never trust a

prophet who lives in our region; he has to come from far away. So he arrived, and he found the village in a miserable state. The cattle were dying, the vegetation was dying, the people were affected. The people crowded around him and were very curious what he would do. He said, "Well, just give me a little hut and leave me alone for a few days." So he went into this little hut and people were wondering and wondering, the first day, the second day. On the third day it started pouring rain and he came out. They asked him, "What did you do?" "Oh," he said, "that is very simple. I didn't do anything." "But look," they said, "now it rains. What happened?" And he explained, "I come from an area that is in Tao, in balance. We have rain, we have sunshine. Nothing is out of order. I come into your area and find that it is chaotic. The rhythm of life is disturbed, so when I come into it I, too, am disturbed. The whole thing affects me and I am immediately out of order. So what can I do? I want a little hut to be by myself, to meditate, to set myself straight. And then, when I am able to get myself in order, everything around is set right. We are now in Tao, and since the rain was missing, now it rains; now we are all in Tao."

I have seen this in my own experience. Once my wife and I went to a Hopi ceremony on the reservation, a very moving religious ritual lasting for several days. The last day there was a rain dance, and it was radiant blue sky, not a cloud to be seen. When it was over the sky became dark in no time. We got into the car and began to drive away, and it poured as I have never seen. I have been in rains and rainstorms and never experienced anything like it. You could not drive. It was just as if it came down literally in sheets.

That is what happens in our work; that is the task of the analyst. We see it every day: suddenly the rain comes. And the effect spreads. Each person works on his own pillar, until one day the temple will be built.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

The following memories of Dr. Jung were written by those of our members who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Jung personally and talking with him face to face. A booklet was produced by the Analytical Psychology Club of San Francisco, as a memorial to Dr. Jung, in 1961. The booklet is reprinted here in slightly edited form.

MARY LOUISE AINSWORTH

Dr. Jung was already an old man when I knew him. His few words to me, as we talked one July morning, in 1953, in his summer house in Küsnacht, Zurich, and noted by me immediately following, are shared here.

He first spoke of Africa and the conflict between primitive and civilized man. Then, as we began a discussion of the serpent symbol, Dr. Jung handed me his well-worn black ring, that was the Agathos Daimon, the crowned cobra, that he always wore, and I turned it around in my hands as he went on talking. He went on to explain: "We cannot kill the serpent, that defenseless animal. We must have him near, for two reasons: one, that his poison may be an antidote so we are not caught unawares by his sting—then we are protected. We must see that he is not loose in the world. By bearing the opposites, we can expose ourselves to life in our humanity. Otherwise he may kill us. We have to realize the evil is in us; we have to risk life, to get into life, then it takes on color; otherwise we might as well read a book. Satan is the snake." He added, "Christ is too."

There was other discussion, and then the maid came to announce the noonday dinner, and Dr. Jung took up his battered old hat, and his cane, and walked slowly with me up the path to his house. "Goodbye," he said at the door; then corrected himself: "Au revoir."

Another time, discussing animals, he said: "God has His animal, the dove; Jesus had his, the little ram; the apostles all had theirs. Now the ancients—Mithras—had different orders of initiation. They would call the god by calling the animal—the raven, the cock—making the sounds with their mouth, giving the call. Sometimes they would come. Call it synchronicity, magic, there it is. If one can stay in the middle, know one is human, relate to both the god, and the animal of the god, then one is all right. One must remember, over the animal is the god; with the god, is the god's animal."

The last time I saw Dr. Jung was on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. I had flown in unexpectedly, and at the large hotel reception attended by many visiting dignitaries, I made my way to his big chair enthroned at the center of the room. He rose to greet me, leaning on his sturdy, silver-headed cane, looking fit and handsome, with his shock of white hair. And the next day he unexpectedly joined those who were continuing the celebration by a chartered boat ride around the Lake of Zurich. And there he engaged in animated conversation with visiting doctors.

There are vivid small memories too: of the big empty chair in the club room, waiting for him, when it was known he would be attending a meeting, and the stir that went around when he entered and took the place reserved for him; of the evident enjoyment of the Institute parties which he and Mrs. Jung attended—the costume parties that are so much a part of Swiss life; of an evening when Mrs. Jung's class on the Holy Grail was invited to the Jung home for coffee and discussion and questions and answers; and how inevitably Dr. Jung became head of the circle, and the one to whom the questions were put. I remember the look of appreciation in his eyes when I brought long-stemmed floribunda roses, a sheaf of them, to him, on the occasion of my first appointment. And of how the spirit of anger filled him with a tremendous vitality, once, to be dissipated as soon as he knew the situation. And of how, to me, his talk, ever kindly and gentle, was like a swift, clear stream on a summer morning.

I heard from Dr. Jung just once, after my return to America, in a letter written December 23, 1959. I should like to quote the entire letter here, and I think it speaks for itself:

> Dear Miss Ainsworth,
>
> I have read your friendly letter with interest. I have been particularly interested in what you say about the book of *Job*, i.e., the divine omniscience. While reading this little book you must be constantly aware of the fact, that whatever I say in it, does not refer to God Himself, but rather to the idea or opinion, man makes of God to himself. When I use the term "the omniscient God" it means: this is what man says about God and not that God *is* omniscient. Man always uses that knowledge, he finds in himself, to characterise his metaphysical figures. Thus you could make an analogy between the obliviousness of the human being and a similar state of his God. But this is insofar not permissible as man himself has made the dogmatic statement, that God's omniscience is absolute, and not subject to man's shortcomings. Thus God's omniscience means really a perfect presence of mind and then only it becomes a blatant contradiction, that He does not consult it, or seems to be unaware of it. In this sense 'God' is very paradoxical and I call my reader's attention to such and other contradictions, to wake him up, so that he gets aware of the insufficiency of his representations and indirectly of the need to revise them.
>
> This is the point, which is regularly misunderstood: people assume that I am talking about God Himself. In reality I am talking about human representations. So if anybody should talk to you about my *Job*, you better refer him to this passage.
>
> With my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year,
>
> I remain,
> Yours sincerely,
> C. G. Jung

BESSE BOLTON

I attended the Eranos Conference at Ascona in August, 1951, when Jung spoke on synchronicity. He was so constantly surrounded by a group eager and able to converse with him about the area of their

interest and proficiency that I enjoyed just watching and listening from as close by as it was possible to be.

My picture of him, if not hidden by his admirers, is walking up the path, sort of stooped, his white coattails and baggy gray trousers, wispy white hair, pipe in hand, enjoying the moment and the place which is one of great beauty. He often came down to the water's edge, but not for long could he just enjoy the blue of the water and sky, for where he was there was also a little group; so after a bit he'd turn and trudge up the walk to his quarters above the seminar room.

MARY CRILE

That afternoon [after the dinner celebrating Jung's eightieth birthday] everyone assembled for the boat trip down the lake. The boat stopped outside Jung's house at Küsnacht and blew its whistle, while cameras and field glasses tried to distinguish him from the small group waving on the lawn. Then the boat went on and stopped again at Meilen and who should step on board but the dear old wise man, chuckling over the grand surprise he had given everyone. He sat on deck while members of the party clicked their cameras mercilessly in his face, and then got off at Rapperswil. It was a wonderful, human gesture and he did it "just for fun" and loved it, I was told by Dr. Rikdin afterwards.

The last time I saw Jung face to face was less than two years ago. I found him much aged but there was the same kindly twinkle behind those penetrating eyes of his. When he said, "Pull up your chair, for I am getting deaf and old and stupid," I could not help smiling as I reminded him that he had made exactly the same remark to me, just eleven years earlier. He replied with a chuckle, "Well, it doesn't seem to get any better!"

Our conversation began with my giving him greetings from Dr. Henderson. After inquiring about the progress of the book Dr. Henderson was writing, Jung said, "I'm glad he's doing that. It is good to get away from the other work . . . with the psychological rain dropping down all day. I'm glad I don't have that to do any more."

I had brought some magazine clippings about an interview on schizophrenia in which he had been misunderstood and misinterpreted. He said, "That is because they cannot conceive of paradoxical thinking—it has to be either-or. It is hard for the Western mind to think that way." He then told me of a man, in his fifties, whom he had seen only once. "He was a pillar of the church, very stern, very righteous and people feared him. He woke up suddenly one night and nursed his wife to say, 'All my life I have been living what I am not—I am something quite different.' After that he proceeded to live the rest of his life as a dissolute waster—he drank and spent all his money foolishly etc. That was the opposite of individuation because he could not reconcile the two sides of his nature. The Oriental mind does not think that way. Laotse speaks of our Original Nature. . . . The Unconscious is just Nature and there is no such thing as good and evil in Nature. . . . How far can we say that we determine our own lives? Well, we can say 'This is my will' . . . but perhaps it is the will of the Unconscious behind Consciousness. When things go wrong—not according to our wishes, it is because the Unconscious opposes us." I asked him if he would say that we only have freedom of choice to the extent of consciousness and he answered, "Yes—and yet there are cases of a calling—a vocation, such as that of St. Niklaus von der Flue and his terrible visions of God." I asked whether it was because these visions were heretical that the church had so recently canonized him. He replied, "It was because in the last war, on two occasions, Hitler's armies had orders to march through Switzerland, and were already at the border, when, at the last moment these orders were cancelled because of the collective vision of St. Niklaus' hands put out to stop them. My son was with the Swiss Army at the time and heard it personally. After that demonstration, there was so much public pressure that the church had to canonize him. It is all in Dr. von Franz's book on St. Niklaus."

In reply to a question of mine, he said, "One must accept the swings of life. There is a Flemish writer who tells of a man who climbs the hill, whistling and singing and laughing, and descends it with groans and tears. Asked why he reversed the ordinary procedure, he answered, "I laugh when I go up because I think of coming down again, and weep coming down because I must go up once more!"

When I asked him what he was writing, he said, "My biography . . . It is purgatory! Frau Jaffe is writing it but I must check it all because no one knows someone else's life. I have done the first twenty years and that is the easiest because one can be more objective there." He paused and then added thoughtfully, "I don't know the meaning of life." As he said this, I felt that, even for Jung, who more than anyone in our day saw life steadily and saw it *whole*, there still remained an unsolved mystery and that his "pistis", translated from the Greek as "faith" but defined by him as "loyalty to an experience," made him content that his should be so.

As I went out of the house, I turned to look once more at the motto carved in the stone above the doorway—*vocatus atque non vocatus deus aderit* (whether called upon or not called upon, God will be present). I felt the approaching sense of completion and almost heard the arrow flying to its mark.

HELENA HENDERSON

I never knew Dr. Jung well, but the few times that I was with him I remember feeling extraordinarily at ease. Here was somebody who did not seem to have to prove anything or put up any kind of front, but was simply himself, and gave one the feeling that oneself was a good thing to be. No question of shyness with him. Can it be that a genius talks in some universal language which we all know, but have forgotten how to speak? His kind of genius, anyway.

I first saw him in Zürich in 1934, when I was only nineteen and was staying with Cary Baynes and working with Miss Wolff. It was the time of the Zarathustra Seminars, and Cary took me along, but at that stage they shot over my head like arrows aimed too high. I do, however, remember the down-to-earth way in which Dr. Jung pulled down and grounded any question that seemed to be going off into the stratosphere, and encouraged any, even the most tentative, which was aimed in the right direction.

The times when I saw him socially were chiefly at official receptions, and once at his house much later with my husband, and at Oxford when he took his honorary degree. I remember his passing us

at a reception on a very hot night, all decked in his new robes, and saying out of the side of his mouth to us: "I feel like an Indian in his sweat lodge!"

But I should like most to write about the time in 1934 when Cary took her daughter and me to Bollingen for dinner. It was May—we drove out in the late afternoon, and the sun was low, and all the fields absolutely starry with flowers. There is no doubt that it was an extraordinarily magical place, there at the end of the lake. We walked by the lake and built a fire on the beach, and Dr. Jung was off chopping wood. When we came in I remember the damp, stony, medieval look and smell of the inside of the house, and Dr. Jung sitting by the fireplace with a stocking cap on his head, stirring a stew in a big iron pot. We ate the stew later at a refectory table in another stone-flagged room. Dr. Jung gave us a lot of wine and made us all quite drunk in a pleasant way, and all I can remember is everyone telling jokes, but not what they were. Only when we had finished our second helping of stew, and might have been ready for another, he asked us to guess what a certain kind of meat in it could be. We guessed heart, lungs, and all kinds of unusual things, and finally had to give up. He then revealed that it was dried cow's udder; and after that no one seemed to want any more. Great joke! He threw the rest to the dogs under the table—another medieval gesture.

I remember driving back through the warm night in the open car in a haze of wine and enjoyment. I remember, but find it hard to convey, the fairy-tale quality of the place and everything that happened there. Above all I remember someone who, by his every word and action gave one the feeling that life is a good thing—something even more precious to me than anything he put on paper.

GEORGE H. HOGLE

While training for Foreign Relief Work with the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia during 1946, I met several Quakers who were also interested in Jungian psychology. I had recently discovered medicine and now was searching for some connection between psychology and religion. The experience of trying to

help heal the wounds of war in Germany a year later sharpened my search. During the summer of 1947 while on holiday in Zürich, I telephoned Dr. Jung's office on an impulse that here was the man who could give me the answers, not realizing it might take me several years. His secretary informed me that he did not see people while on holiday at a hideout (Bollingen) at the other end of the lake, but since she was in touch with him she would ask him anyway. To my delight and her surprise, the next day I was given an appointment.

After a walk through the woods to what looked like a little fairy-tale castle by the side of the lake, the great wooden door was opened to my knock by the huge old hired man, smoking a pipe and with an axe in his hand. In lame German I asked for Herr Doctor, and in idiomatic English he introduced himself—not the dignified professor I had expected. As we stood on the beautiful shore he put me somewhat at ease, chatting about his building of his hideaway. My hesitance and inhibitions were replaced soon after by the conviction that here was a very fallible, rigid old man, as we got into an enormously heated argument about the international situation. Having helped me realize he was quite human and that it was quite safe to show some feeling, he escorted me up to an elegant Swiss tea which we shared with Emma Jung. They inquired at length about the situation in Germany, no doubt the reason he was willing to see a non-German coming recently out of that country. I knew nothing of the controversy regarding his questionable sympathies for the Germans, but certainly at that time I got no impression that he had ever been warm in any way toward Nazism, rather that he only tried to understand what it all meant at a deeper level.

Finally we were alone for about an hour, during which he dealt graciously and helpfully with my impossible inquiry as to what I should do with my life, knowing nothing about me and yet no doubt knowing much just by observing. Instead of answering my questions he gave me other, better questions to ask myself over the succeeding months. Most of all as I later mused over the experience of being with this extraordinary man, I felt quite sure that there must be great worth and depth in an association with his work.

Eleven years later I met him again in his home, having just completed my analytic training in London. He laughed as he recalled our encounter and he seemed pleased at the culmination of events after

those years. A great circle had been completed for me, and then began another, knowing a little better how to ask my own questions.

MARY S. HOWELLS

When a great man dies, myths and legends begin to gather around him which are facinating but seem to me undesirable, because the actual truth and the mystery of simplicity carry so much more meaning. Therefore, I am choosing to write, not of his wisdom and priceless humor, but of the simplest things which to me are still poignant experiences.

After weeks of trying to shape life to my own idea of what I thought was reasonable and right, I sorrowfully acquiesced to fate, i.e., I renounced my ego drive. I was completely spent by strain and sadness. As I was leaving his study at the end of a conference he said, "Remember, there is only one sorrow and one joy that goes round the world." These words have remained with me and have helped me to equalize what the Zen Buddhists call the sufferings of pleasure and pain.

The second incident occurred again as I was taking leave. Following through on the thought of the hour, I said: "Do you then believe in free will?"

"Certainly I do," he replied.

I, who was trained in obligation and duty, was dismayed and looked up for an explanation.

"Free will," he said, "is doing gladly and freely that which one must do."

One morning in 1929 as I waited for Dr. Jung to come up to his study, I noticed with deep concern that his usual light step was ponderous and slow. I asked him if he were ill or very tired, and he said,

"No. . . . Wilhelm has just died."

Thinking that he might wish to be alone for the hour, I offered to leave.

"Oh, no," he answered, "life goes right on."

This was typical, for to him, there never seemed to be any beginning or any end—birth and death formed one continuous cycle.

ELIZABETH B. HOWES

My visits with Dr. Jung, in 1949 and 1955, were at Küsnacht, Zürich, in his wonderfully warm study, or in the lovely living room by the fire, or in the blossoming garden sloping down to the lake, or at Ascona, along the shores of the lake near his hotel.

My impression throughout all my meetings with Jung was of a man who met one as an equal. To me, there is no greater tribute than to say that each time I experienced with him an "I-Thou" relationship. Dr. Jung always respected the other person, and responded with greatness and with humility. The directness of the meeting of the eyes and the smile around the mouth conveyed this dramatically.

From the first moment I met him—when he laughingly said, "Oh, I hear dark rumors about you and your work in the New Testament!"—until the last time I saw him—when he said, "Go on talking about the religious aspects of my work. They are the most important parts"—I was involved in probing with him the whole religious process of individuation. From these talks, and the very great deal that was said, two personal impressions stand out in my memory. One is that this man did *in fact* accept the shadow, and that this acceptance brought problems and tensions but also aliveness, reality, integrity, and depth of being. This inclusiveness, in the offering of one's life to God, made him in what he was an effective exemplar of his belief that "incarnation" is not an idea but an achievement.

The second feeling that remains central out of my talks with him has to do with the controversy about where Dr. Jung stood personally as regards the relationship between the Self and the image of God, and as regards what he felt to be behind the image. Regardless of what he tried to do in remaining scientific in his writing, when he talked with me face to face he left no doubt in my mind that when he spoke of God he was speaking of more than the archetype of God. This is sharply emphasized in a statement he made after he had been talking most movingly about the use and need of prayer. "Why do I have to talk about God? Because He is everywhere! I am only the spoon in his kitchen."

And what great things have been stirred by this spoon. For the world, and for us personally. We must take hold more firmly of our own spoons now that his is put away. That we know much of how to do this, is our great debt to Dr. Jung.

ORA MATTHEWS

On a late spring evening, with a friend, I entered the Psychology Club building on Gemeindestrasse in Zürich. In the hallway on a bench sat a large man. He rose as my friend greeted him, and I was introduced to Dr. Jung.

He asked me what part of the States I came from and I told him I grew up in Texas but was now an adopted Kansan. His glance seemed to sweep over me as he said, "I believe you are the first Texan I have ever seen in the flesh," and then added, "Kansas and the Midwest—that is where the real Americans come from!" Before I could recover from my astonishment at being face to face with Jung himself, he sat down on the bench again and the brief meeting was over.

SHEILA MOON

One of the beautiful old guild halls of Zürich was the scene of my first meeting with Dr. Jung, on the occasion of the banquet marking the beginning of the C. G. Jung Institute, in 1948. It was my good fortune to be seated next to him, and to share in the wonderful wit and merriment which he spread around him, regaling us with stories of himself, his family, of how he made limburger cheese dressing whenever he desired long hours of introversion. His humor was unquenchable, his eyes danced, everything was of the utmost interest to him.

We talked at length about such matters of mutual concern as the meaning of myths for the individual (and he was most interested in the use of myths in seminars for individual purposes); the relation-

ship of the woman and of the man to Eros and Logos ("Damn it, woman *is* Eros, *is* relationship, *is* the secret mystery!" he exclaimed. "If she doesn't live that, she is nothing. And man must have the adventurous mind, or what is he?"); the place of ritual and prayer in psychic healing, particularly with reference to the Western use of prayer; the inner meanings of the serpent; and many other matters. In each of my hours with Dr. Jung I was aware of his sense of urgency about man's religious task, of his intense concern that each of us must be related to ourselves and to God not only inwardly but in the world, if we and the world are not to be destroyed. "We fear our serpent," he said, "as we also fear the numinosum—so we run from it. . . . All we have to give the world and God is ourselves as we are. But this is the hardest of all tasks. Most of us want others to do it for us, to carry us along. Jesus crucified was a man fully carrying his own serpent side." Over and again he stressed his belief that "unless we live these things we profess, we are useless."

My last sight of him was in 1955, at Ascona. I had photographed him with Mrs. Jung, seated at a table in the warm sunlight outside their hotel by the lake. Very Swiss, very solid, very genuine, very warm, they sat side by side, smiling, as we drove away.

MAUD OAKES

The hour's drive from Zürich to Bollingen was a lovely one. The road passed along the lake and through several neat and attractive villages. There were many beautiful vineyards climbing the hills away from the lake and tidy farms with flower and vegetable gardens. The driver of the car did not know where Dr. Jung's house was but I remembered certain landmarks and we arrived. As there was no set path to the house I left the car and walked toward the lake through a field where two farmers were stacking hay. I could not see the house until I was almost upon it, due to its low situation on the lake and the trees that concealed it. The door was set in a high stone wall and here I waited a few minutes and watched the graceful swaying reeds that grew near the shore.

I thought of my first visit to Bollingen in 1951. Then I had seen the house and garden and even Dr. Jung's little study in the caves.

When the heavy wooden door in the wall opened I stepped inside and all preconceived plans fell away from me like a garment. I had stepped from one world into another, from a material world of many people into a world of nature in which Jung had created Bollingen. Man in nature—nature in man.

I saw the sundial that I had remembered. It was set high on a stone foundation so that it commanded a wide view of the beautiful lake and the distant mysterious mountains. To my right, and part of the stone wall which enclosed all but the lake side, was the stone house. It was medieval in feeling with its two towers and individual style and an elegance all its own. As I looked around I remembered what I had been told—that Jung worked at Bollingen and designed and built the house and garden after his separation from Freud in 1913. It must have been a long and slow process—in a way like an analysis. For I felt that Jung had really built two houses—his inner house and Bollingen, which was the outer expression of this introverted process. The designing and the stone carvings that Jung did for the house at this time must have been not only therapeutic to Jung, who was deeply probing and experiencing his own unconscious, but were organic to the house itself. Bollingen was created in the way a true artist creates a religious object. It was done with love and I felt this love.

As I walked toward the far side, through the arch of a stone wall that separated house and garden, I felt that the actual location of Bollingen must hold a special meaning for Jung: its low situation on the lake in contrast to the hills and mountains that surround it, and the contrast between the house and the walled-in garden and the openness that fronted the lake. One side was enclosed, shut-in, protected, and the other side wide open to the lake—the waters of the unconscious.

On the lakeside were two comfortable chairs and a bench, and beyond and jutting out into the water were several rocks. I stepped on these and stood watching some ducks and a family of swans glide by and beyond an old fisherman rowing past. A voice boomed out right next to me in salutation to the fisherman and as I turned around Jung greeted me.

Jung was a tall, well-built man—slightly stooped due to his age. His eyes were keen and penetrating with a twinkle in their depth. His mouth was sensitive, humorous, and stubborn, and his whole being gave off a feeling of simplicity, of wisdom and understanding. Jung was a marvelous raconteur and an equally good listener. To me he was a combination of scientist, artist, woodsman and shaman.

It was by the lake sitting in the two comfortable chairs that we had tea.

LUELLA SIBBALD

I will never forget my first meeting with Dr. Jung. We had gone to Küsnacht, and had been taken to the lovely patio in the garden facing the Zürich See. We were waiting for Dr. Jung to join us, when around the corner of the house came a handsome, tall, robust man, dressed in old clothes, a straw hat on the back of his head, shirt sleeves rolled up, and carrying a hoe. There he was. What a wonderfully informal way to meet this impressive person! My first feeling was—This is what it means to be a human being! And although we had presumably interrupted very important garden work, with the characteristic twinkle in his eyes he sat down with us and was just as eager to turn to a discussion of how the archetype of God changes over the years.

That year (1948) I had my first private hour with Dr. Jung. I had not been in analysis very long then, and hesitated to ask for any individual time with him. My analyst, Miss Toni Wolff, said, "One can ask for anything one wants if one can take No as an answer." I pondered this for a while, and then wrote asking for an appointment, and was given an hour on my last day in Zürich.

I went filled with ideas of what I wanted to talk about; but Dr. Jung, in his infinite wisdom, knew what I needed to talk about. This we did. I left deeply aware of his greatness, his kindness, and his penetrating insight into a person even in one short interview. What his words set in motion that day has been central since then.

The last time I saw him was in 1955. The meeting was brief and social, but his graciousness and courtliness were intensely evident,

and although he seemed older and more frail than in 1948, his great vitality and creativity could not be held back.

MARGARET TILLY

Ten years or so ago, on a brief and unprofessional trip to London, I spoke to a hastily assembled group of analysts and APC members about my experimental work with music and its therapeutic value when specifically used. The doctors present said, "Jung should certainly know about this. You must tell him." I demurred and did nothing about it.

Years later (1956) I was again in London, giving concerts, and was urged even more strongly by the analysts to contact Dr. Jung. I again said "No" and took off for Geneva, where I had to play a broadcast. Sitting in my hotel bedroom waiting to go along to the radio station, I thought—"This still seems presumptuous, but after all, my work has now gone far beyond the purely experimental stages and if the doctors feel so strongly about it, I can simply send Jung a couple of papers I have written. If he is interested, I am close by and could easily go." So I mailed the papers, merely saying I was in Geneva. A reply came by return mail, from the secretary, asking me to be at Jung's house two days hence. This felt rather like a summons from God, but when I finally walked into his hall and Dr. Jung came with hands outstretched to welcome me, I felt that here was one of the warmest and friendliest persons I had ever been with—so easy to talk to that one did not feel overawed.

We sat at a round table in the window of his study. My papers were lying in front of him and he seemed to be literally bursting with interest and curiosity. He said, "I have read and heard a great deal about music therapy and it always seemed to me so sentimental and superficial that I was not interested. But these papers of yours are entirely different and I simply cannot wait to hear what you do—I can't imagine what it is. You must please use your language, not mine." I didn't immediately understand what he meant by the last sentence, but said, "Before I talk, Dr. Jung, may I ask what your own relationship to music has been?" And his reply was a surprise.

"My mother was a fine singer, so was her sister, and my daughter is a fine pianist. I know the whole literature—I have heard everything and all the great performers but I never listen to music any more—it exhausts and irritates me." When I asked why, he replied, "Because music is dealing with such deep archetypal material, and those who play don't realize this." And then I understood at last why the idea has grown up that Jung is not particularly sympathetic to music. He cares too much, not too little.

At this point he said, "With your permission I have asked Miss Bailey and my daughter to join us this afternoon, as they will be so interested in what you are going to tell us. Now let us have a cup of tea together." And we went into his large, dark, cozy living room and he introduced me to his daughter and Miss Bailey, who were sitting in front of a roaring fire. On the far side of the room was a Bechstein grand with its top raised, and I wondered. We had a gay and delightful time around the fire, Dr. Jung full of fun and charm, and as I swallowed my last drop of tea, he said, "I can't wait another minute—let's begin, but you use your language." I said, "Do you mean you want me to play?" and he said, "Yes, I want you to treat me exactly as though I were one of your patients. Now—what do you think I need?" We both roared with laughter and I said, "You really *are* standing me up, aren't you?" He said, "Yes, I am; now, let's go to the piano. I am very slightly deaf, so may I sit close?" And with that he sat down just behind me, so that I had to turn round a little to see him.

Feeling slightly as though I were living a dream, I began to play. When I turned round, he was obviously very moved, and said, "Go on—go on." And I played again. This second time he was far more deeply moved, saying, "I don't know *what* is happening to me—what are you doing?" And we started to talk. He fired question after question at me. "In such and such a case what would you try to accomplish—where would you expect to get—what would you do? Don't just tell me, *show* me—*show* me"; and gradually as we worked he said, "I begin to see what you are doing—show me more." And I told him many case histories and we worked on for over two hours. . . . He was very excited and as easy and naive as a child to work with. Finally he burst out with, "This opens up whole new avenues of research I'd never even dreamed of. Because of what you've shown

me this afternoon—not just what you've said, but what I have actually felt and experienced—I feel that from now on music should be an essential part of every analysis. This reaches the deep archetypal material that we can only sometimes reach in our analytical work with patients. This is most remarkable."

At this point some evil genie made me look at my watch and I said, "Dr. Jung, I have to go, or I miss my boat train back to Paris." "Oh, you mustn't go," he said. "Can't you stay a few days and be with us—can't you come back?" But, *like a fool*, I thought I couldn't miss my connections back to the USA. . . . In saying goodbye, Dr. Jung thanked me so warmly—still excited—in fact we were all almost in tears, and in this emotional atmosphere I most reluctantly took my leave. His daughter drove me to the train and I sat in a daze, all the way to Paris, wondering *if all* this had really happened.

So vivid was this whole unplanned and unexpected experience, that even now, five years later, Dr. Jung's great towering figure, his warmth, his excited probing questions, his generous man-to-man appreciation, seem to remain as something alive and almost tangible.

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